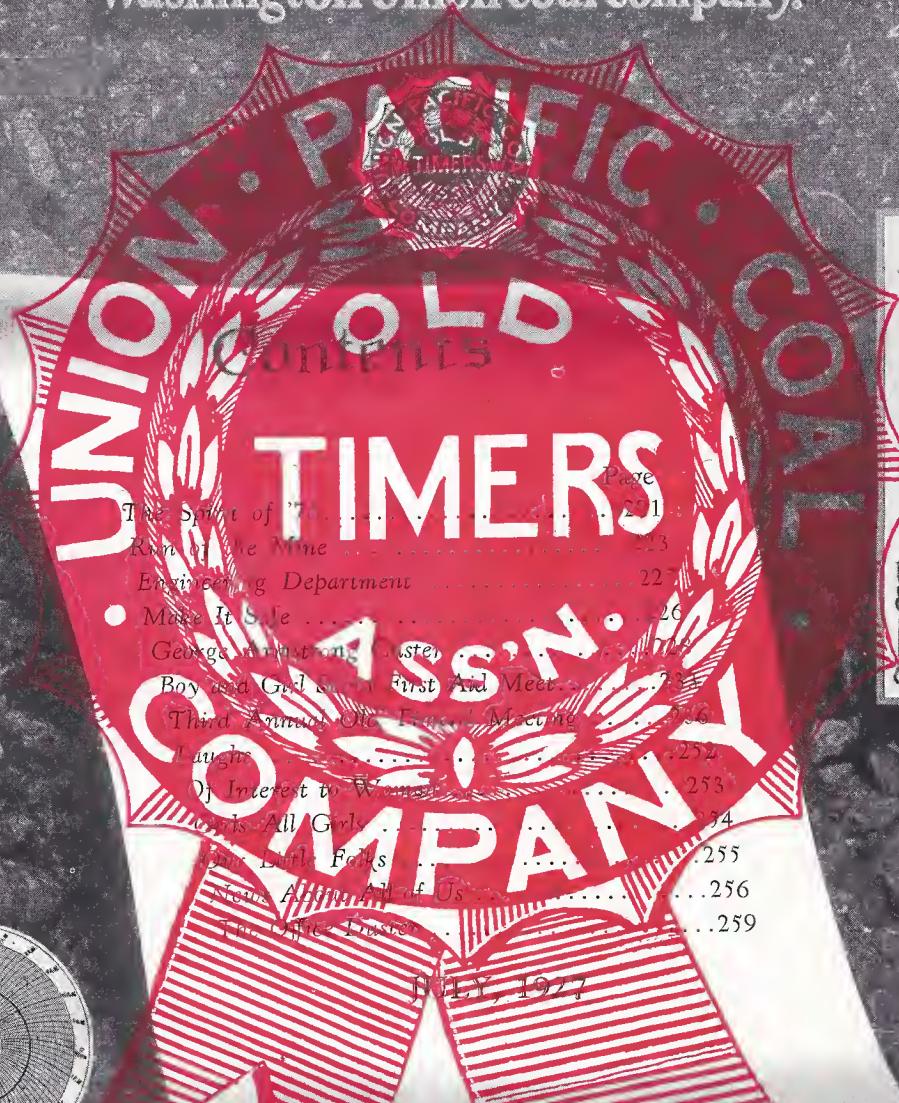


EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE

The Union Pacific Coal Company.
Washington Union Coal Company.



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JULY, 1927

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The Spirit of '76
or
YANKEE DOODLE

Painted by Archibald M. Willard.—
In Town Hall Marblehead, Massachusetts.

EMPLOYES' MAGAZINE

THE UNION PACIFIC COAL COMPANY
WASHINGTON UNION COAL COMPANY

VOLUME 4

JULY, 1927

NUMBER 7

The Spirit of '76

Drawn in its first conception to represent an old-fashioned Fourth of July celebration.

Painted by Archibald M. Willard

ONLY fifty years have passed since A. M. Willard painted *The Spirit of '76*, a short time when we remember the many years which have mellowed most of the studies we have considered here and the many years during which stories and legends have twined themselves into the history of the pictures as well as given to us the appreciations and criticisms of succeeding generations of artists.

Although this painting is so well known there is little printed material available, either on the artist himself or the story of the creation of the picture for which he is famous. However what we do have is most interesting and surely is authentic, since much of it was prepared by Henry Devreux who was the model for the drummer boy.

The Artist

ARCHIBALD M. WILLARD was born in Bedford, Ohio, in August, 1836. His father was a clergyman and a Vermonter. In his home was his grandfather Willard, between whom and the young artist there grew to be a strong bond of understanding and sympathy. Grandfather and grandson spent much time together in rambles through the picturesque Bedford glens. The rugged surroundings appealed to young Willard's artistic sense and, we are quite sure, developed it because every native sense must, to develop best, have that on which to feed,—beauty, pictures, stories of heroism and achievement and strength and worth. We are here getting into the field of the educator but would like to plead for imagination building and beauty developing consideration for children.

The grandfather figured often in the boy's cartoons. Many a tree was stripped of its outer bark to produce a smooth surface on which with red chalk and charred embers the young artist pictured savage or hideous mien.

As frequently happens young Willard did not receive much encouragement from home, perhaps because, we are told, the walls, barndoors and fences frequently bore evidence of his budding genius.

As we have said, this was a clergyman's home and for varying periods was located at Kent, Salem, Aurora and La Grange. When Willard was seventeen the family moved to Wellington, Lorain County, Ohio, and at the outbreak of the Civil War he enlisted in an Ohio regiment. We are told that while with his regiment at Cumberland Gap he painted several pictures of the surrounding country. These were photographed, the copies being used by comrades for souvenirs.

With the close of the Civil War A. M. Willard, now a young man, returned to Wellington with Hugh Mosher, a companion. They found employment in the shop of E. S. Tripp, wheelwright and wagon maker. The old shop still stands at Wellington. Willard's job was to paint wagons. He soon began to decorate them and painted woodland and animal scenes on the sides. The wagons became known for their various and artistic trimming. Willard's employer finally had to restrain his enthusiasm for beauty—on wagons.

In the meantime he devoted all his spare time to a study of painting on canvas.

The Employes' Magazine is a monthly publication devoted to the interests of the employes of The Union Pacific Coal Company and Washington Union Coal Company, and their families, and is distributed to employes free of cost, subscription price to other than employes, \$1.50 per year.

Articles of interest to our readers, photographs and sketches suitable for reproduction, are solicited and should be addressed to Editor, Employes' Magazine, Union Pacific Coal Company, Rock Springs, Wyoming.

Jessie McDiarmid, Editor

The Picture

THIS picture which is, without doubt, one of the best known paintings in America, owes its popularity to its appeal to patriotic sentiment. It was first conceived as a comic delineation of a Fourth of July celebration in a country village and was called "Yankee Doodle". It was a small canvas. An old man held the centre beating a drum with a younger one on each side, one with a fife and the other with a drum. The surroundings and background were rural.

While this was being painted the father of the artist died. Fortunately it was near enough to completion so that he could retain the likeness. The semi-comic picture was much admired and the artist seriously encouraged by the owner of a not inconsiderable art gallery in Cleveland, Mr. Ryder. This was the first professional encouragement Willard had had and, coupled with the fact of his father's death, caused the humorous aspect to fade from his conception. He decided to depict his father seriously. For the second figure the artist chose his own Civil War companion, Mosher who was famous as a piper, and without whom no Fourth of July celebration or patriotic gathering in all the country near their part of Ohio was complete.

The third figure, the drummer boy, was drawn with Harry Devereux, a student at Brooks Military Academy in Cleveland and a son of General G. H. Devereux, as model and perhaps there is much of the artist-boy's own great admiration for his grandfather in the spirit of this as the lad looks into the old man's face with confidence and admiration.

Once having started on the painting Willard worked, we are told, as though possessed of an idea which pleased but which he might lose. The canvas is large and the figures heroic in size.

When finished it was first exhibited at Ryder's Art Store in Cleveland where the number of people who came to see it blocked traffic. It was sent to the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia and prominently placed in Memorial Hall where it created a notable interest. Then, by earnest request it was sent to Boston, Washington, Chicago and San Francisco and other cities. At last it found a permanent home in Abbot Hall at Marblehead, Mass., the gift to that old town of the late General G. H. Devereux.

Pictures have been painted by artists of great skill and to them the World owes more than can be measured. The artists have passed, leaving their names and their treasures to posterity. Archibald Willard too has passed. He may not be classed as a great artist but in The Spirit of '76 he painted himself into everlasting fame; he, with powerful but, perhaps, less finished touch, if he failed to satisfy the critical technician, has, we know, stirred the heart of a nation.

Respect the Flag!

By ALVIN M. OWSLEY,
Past National Commander, The American Legion

"When you see the Stars and Stripes displayed, son, stand up and take off your hat!

"Somebody may titter. It is in the blood of some to deride all expression of noble sentiment. You may blaspheme in the street and stagger drunken in public places, and the bystanders will not pay much attention to you; but if you should get down on your knees and pray to Almighty God, or if you should stand bareheaded while a company of old soldiers marched by with flags to the breeze, some people will think you are showing off.

"But don't you mind! When Old Glory comes along, salute, and let them think what they please! When you hear the band play 'The Star Spangled Banner' while you are in a restaurant or hotel dining room, get up, even if you rise alone; stand there, and don't be ashamed of it, either!

"For of all the signs and symbols since the world began there is none so full of meaning as the flag of this country. That piece of red, white and blue bunting means five thousand years of struggle upwards. It is the full-grown flower of ages of fighting for liberty. It is the century plant of human hope in bloom.

"Your flag stands for humanity, for an equal opportunity to all the sons of men. Of course, we haven't arrived yet at that goal; there are many injustices yet among us, many senseless and cruel customs of the past still clinging to us, but the only hope of righting the wrongs of men lies in the feeling produced in our bosoms by the right of that flag.

"Other flags mean a glorious past, this flag a glorious future. It is not so much the flag of our fathers as it is the flag of our children, and of all children's children yet unborn. It is the flag of tomorrow. It is the signal of the 'Good Time Coming.' It is not the flag of a king—it is the flag of yourself and of all your neighbors.

"Don't be ashamed when your throat chokes and the tears come, as you see it flying from the masts of our ships on all the seas or floating from every flagstaff of the Republic. You will never have a worthier emotion. Reverence it as you would reverence the signature of the Dieties.

"Listen, son! The band is playing the national anthem—'The Star Spangled Banner!' They have let loose Old Glory yonder. Stand up—and others will stand with you."—Douglas County Legionnaire.

Coal Shipped By the Lakes

Total bituminous coal dumped into vessels at Lake Erie ports for the season ended June 5, 1927, amounted to 10,337,692 tons as compared to corresponding periods in 1926 of 6,160,918 tons; in 1925 of 5,522,569 tons and in 1924 of 4,244,431 tons.

Anthracite shipments from Lake Erie ports up to June 5, 1927, totaled 470,189 tons as compared to 407,020 tons in 1926; 955,281 tons in 1925 and 548,883 tons in 1924.

Amount of Electricity Produced

Of the 6,369,870 thousands of kilowatt-hours of electricity produced by public utility power plants in the United States in April, 3,841,761 were produced by fuels and 2,528,109 by water-power. In the production by the fuel 3,260,396 short tons of coal, 566,451 barrels of oil, and 4,502,332 thousands of cubic feet of gas were used.

Fashionable Friends

"When you were abroad did you see the Dardanelles?"
"Yes; we had dinner with them!"

— RUN OF THE MINE —

What Is the Matter With Our Western Coal Mine Accident Rate?

BULLETIN 275, of the U. S. Bureau of Mines, Department of Commerce, covering coal mine fatalities in the United States as prepared by Wm. W. Adams and recently made available, contains all available statistical information relating to accidents in American coal mines.

This record, truthfully and impartially presented, offers little that speaks of improvement, although the steel, railway and manufacturing industries have made most extraordinary reductions in their death rate ratio within the past ten years, the number of men killed in our American coal mines per thousand 300-day workers from 1906 to 1925 shown below:

Period	Average number killed per thousand 300-day year
5 years 1906-10.....	5.49
5 years 1911-15.....	4.65
5 years 1916-20.....	4.03
Year 1921	4.20
Year 1922	4.89
Year 1923	4.38
Year 1924	4.79
Year 1925 (estimated).....	4.36

This comparison brings out the fact that the fatalities for the 5 years, 1921 to 1925 runs higher in every instance than the 5-year average for 1916-1920 inclusive, the weighted average for the last five years not yet available.

Any comparison, however made, which does not take into account the hours of exposure to accident experienced during the year, is useless, and likewise comparisons made on the basis of lives lost per million tons mined is misleading for the reason that the thickness of the coal seams and character of mining equipment used very largely determines the average man-year output. Taking an extreme case for example; it would be ridiculous to compare the output per year of a man working in a three-foot seam of coal with that of a man employed on a modern power shovel stripping operation. It is for the purpose of effecting a more stable comparison that the "man shift basis" the "300-day year basis" and the "million man-hours" basis are now employed.

The outstanding situation that we who operate and work in the mines located in the west should take serious cognizance of, is that of the deplorably bad record shown for the mines located in

our section of the country where the total lives lost for the ten years, 1915-1924, averages far above that of the country as a whole, the showing for the states of Utah, New Mexico, Wyoming, Colorado and Washington, when compared with other states, shown below:

Number of men killed annually in coal mines, per thousand 300-day workers, for the ten years 1915 to 1924 inclusive.

	Under-ground workers	Surface workers	Total for all workers
Alabama	5.63	1.02	4.76
Arkansas	6.38	1.13	5.38
California, Idaho, Nevada	4.85	—	3.17
Colorado	9.54	1.70	7.99
Georgia and No. Carolina	2.50	3.08	2.67
Illinois	3.73	.73	3.41
Indiana	4.79	.70	4.21
Iowa	3.14	1.04	2.93
Kansas	4.49	1.29	3.99
Kentucky	4.62	1.53	4.05
Maryland	4.03	.52	3.43
Michigan	3.03	3.26	3.06
Missouri	2.47	.09	1.99
Montana	6.26	1.56	5.36
New Mexico.....	11.93	1.20	9.61
North Dakota....	4.05	1.92	3.44
Ohio	4.85	1.53	4.36
Oklahoma	6.31	1.48	5.53
Oregon	8.98	—	6.55
Pennsylvania (bituminous)	3.57	1.48	3.23
Tennessee	3.55	.30	2.93
Texas	1.14	.29	1.02
Utah	17.14	4.02	14.02
Virginia	5.05	.68	4.16
Washington	8.14	2.93	7.01
West Virginia....	7.25	3.13	6.47
Wyoming	10.04	2.32	8.67
Total Bituminous	4.89	1.64	4.36
Pennsylvania Anthracite.....	4.76	1.77	3.93
Grand Total.....	4.83	1.73	4.25

The explosions suffered by New Mexico in 1923, Wyoming in 1923 and 1924, and in Utah and Colorado in 1924, have contributed heavily to the unenviable record shown for our western mines. In the face of the evidence presented there should be no question as to the importance of preventative action on the part of employers and employees.

The Everettville Explosion of April 30, 1927

FROM the M. S. A. News of June 11th we abstract the following information relative to the unfortunate tragedy of April 20th last. The report was prepared by Mr. John T. Ryan, whose record for service rendered under most trying conditions has made him a man beloved of the coal mining industry. Mr. Ryan's analyses of the causes leading to a mine catastrophe are invariably unbiased and dependable, his one thought that of being helpful in the work of saving life and the prevention of accident.

"The last chapter of the Everettville mine explosion was written Wednesday, the 8th of June, when the coroner's inquest was held at Morgantown, W. Va. This explosion occurred at the Federal Mine No. 3 at the New England Fuel and Transportation Co., Everettville, W. Va., April 30, 1927, resulting in the death of 97 men, 91 of whom were killed inside the mine and six killed on the outside.

"The probe was held in the courthouse at Morgantown, commencing on the morning of the 8th. Coroner M. Moore presided and the witnesses were quizzed by the prosecuting attorney, W. F. Hunt, and Chief Robert M. Lambie, of the Department of Mines.

"The greater portion of the inquiry was directed to this point, and developed the fact that the haulage entries had been rock dusted in May, 1926, by a machine which had been borrowed from the No. 1 mine. This machine was returned to No. 1 mine in June, 1926, and no further rock dusting was done at No. 3 mine. The State Mine Inspectors, following their inspection in January, 1927, recommended and urged that two sections be cleaned up and the mine thoroughly rock dusted. The superintendent acknowledged this letter recommending these measures, and advised that they would be complied with. The testimony developed that the sections so requested had been cleaned up and that preparations were being made to rock dust, as the limestone had been ordered and was on hand, but the dusting machine had not been brought from No. 1 mine. The company, however, was negotiating for the purchase of another machine for No. 3 mine when the explosion occurred.

"Practically all the witnesses testified that in their opinion rock dusting was a good thing and that if the mine had been thoroughly rock dusted, particularly the shaft headings where the explosion undoubtedly originated, it would have been much less violent and would probably have been a local explosion confined to the shaft entries. It was further brought out in the testimony that the shaft entries were very wet and that there were three or four local dips or swags in these entries, where four pumps were required. By reason of these entries being so wet and the existence of these water pools, the officials thought they were quite well protected on those entries, but the evidence presented showed that the flame had traveled out these entries and over the water pools.

"Mr. H. N. Eavenson of Pittsburgh, consulting engineer for the New England Fuel and Transportation Co., gave some very interesting testimony regarding the condition of both mines of this company prior to the explosion. He stated very emphatically that he considered these two mines as

being operated at far above the average, from the standpoint of safety, and further stated that No. 11 mine was one of the best ventilated mines in the United States. He brought out the fact that he is an ardent advocate of rock dusting and stated that if the mine had been thoroughly rock dusted the explosion would not have been nearly so violent, and testified also that he had recommended that rock dusting be done. Their No. 3 mine was never considered a very hazardous mine, as gas had only been encountered in the last two years, and was confined in the dip section, but just as soon as gas was encountered the whole mine was put on closed lights and given one treatment of rock dusting. He also brought out the fact that the New England Fuel and Transportation Co. had indicated their attitude towards rock dusting and safety in general by the fact that this had been purely a precautionary measure on their part, as No. 1 mine was considered rather hazardous, but no more so than other mines in that vicinity. Mr. Eavenson brought out the fact that only 2.5 per cent of the mines in West Virginia are rock dusted. This figure Mr. Lambie corrected to 4 per cent. He did not deny the fact that the mine should have been rock dusted and that he had recommended it be done, but stated that at the same time the company had gone far in their rock dusting work—away beyond the average—and that they were just ready at the time of the explosion to complete the rock dusting of No. 3 mine."

The additional fact was brought out that nineteen certified men were employed in No. 3 mine and a "gas man" was kept constantly in the shaft entries looking for gas. It would seem that while marked precautions for safety were taken by the management of the property, they fell a trifle short in not thoroughly rock dusting their mines. Can the industry safely attempt to defend a rate of progress in rock dusting of 4 per cent in view of the fact that this safeguard has carried the unqualified endorsement of the British Mines Department and our own Bureau of Mines for many years. Let us not forget that one of the forward looking mining executives in the country, after losing five men by a gas explosion on January 29, 1926, wired the Director of the U. S. Bureau of Mines that "rock dusting today saved the lives of 1,230 men."

Where Does the Responsibility Rest?

IN JULY, 1925, the management of a very large eastern coal company made public the story of an accident that cost the lives of four workmen. The presentation made was so eminently fair minded and constructive that we are reproducing the salient portions of same, with the feeling that it fits, to a certain extent, every coal mine in the country, including our own. After outlining the nature of the accident, the writer of the article said:

"As a result of an accident in No. 6 Shaft at 6:45 on the evening of June 8th, four men lost their lives, two of them instantly, and two within a week. In cases of this

kind it takes a day or two to get at the facts, so that earlier reports are likely to be false or inaccurate. The accident was so costly that it would be a mistake not to derive some benefits from it, if possible.

"That any such accident could take place is a reflection on the entire organization. Where does the blame lie? Not only is it disagreeable to blame the men who lost their lives, but it is very doubtful if they were the ones chiefly to blame. It is true they broke the rules. But most men are not born obedient or even careful. They obey orders because they are under discipline. In this particular case discipline appears to have been woefully lacking. The foreman had issued definite orders that the night shift should not load at a breast that was being driven. The evidence shows the assistant foreman in charge of the section issued the same orders, but it would appear that the man directly in charge did not follow up to see that the orders were carried out. This would emphasize the fact that for a boss to issue orders is not sufficient; IT IS HIS DUTY TO SEE THAT THEY ARE OBEYED.

"Those in charge of the mines or any part of them owe it to themselves, the Company and the workers to straighten up any conditions which could result in accidents of this kind. No. 6 is not singled out for special censure. The ill-fortune which befell it might possibly have come to any one of several others.

"It is quite possible there is a misunderstanding of Company policies in such matters. At least, there seems to be a more or less general feeling that discipline cannot be properly enforced without making trouble. Not only is this position ill-founded but it is the belief of the management that the United Mine Workers of America can be counted upon as an influence for good discipline, especially when the lack of it is likely to result so disastrously. What the miners, individually and through their organization, have always complained against is not discipline but injustice in discipline.

"If we are to have discipline and have it in an effective form, we must set up a number of conditions. The chief of these probably is that the entire supervisory organization should acquire a reputation for fairness, and be able to command respect for knowledge and good judgment on their respective jobs. With this as a background discipline is possible.

"When it comes to individual cases, the worker has a right to have orders put to him in such a way that he cannot possibly mistake them, and he also has a right in most cases to know the reason for the orders which he is expected to obey. In the accident we are now discussing, the men apparently did not realize the effect of disobeying the orders.

"A 'boss who is not exercising discipline is not performing the principal duty which he is paid to perform. In fact, he's no boss at all, but simply a burden on the payroll, and a very costly one at that. Where there is no discipline there is no organization.

"This lecture is not intended as a general 'bawling out.' It is just a word spoken in the interest of the welfare and happiness of all those who work in an industry which holds enough unpreventable hazards without adding to them by negligence."

It is the sense of managerial responsibility outlined in the above presentation that will bring the accident ratio down in our coal mines. The coal industry is unique in that accident prevention is making little apparent headway therein.

He Knew

"Do you understand mortgages, Bill?"

"Yes; the first is for the purchase of the car and the second is for the upkeep."

ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT

Mine Tracks

(This is the eighth of a series of articles on Underground Haulage. Subsequent articles will appear in later issues.)

KIRK V. CAMMACK

OUR quartz mining friends define an ore as a mineral or combination of minerals that may be mined and transported to a market at a profit, and similarly a workable coal seam is defined as one from which the coal can be mined and transported to a market at a profit, and in creating this profit the transportation of the coal both after it reaches the surface and in the mine is of the utmost importance.

Of underground transportation one authority has said "Economical transportation of coal from the place where it is mined to the surface where it is loaded for shipment is a requirement for the successful operation of a coal mine." To secure the highest economy the following factors need to be considered, good trackage, favorable grades, an ample supply of mine cars and a carefully planned and supervised system of operation. In securing the first item, good trackage, the following things must be considered, the type and size of rail to be used, the kind of ties to use, the gauge of track to be adopted, the alignment and ballasting of the track when laid and the allowable degree of curve. These items will be considered in the order given.

As was mentioned in an earlier article, the use of cast iron tramplates in the eighteenth century was succeeded by the use of wrought iron and wooden rails and these in turn gave way to the use of rails made of steel. Even up to a few years ago the use of wooden rails for room work was common practice and they may still be found in use in smaller operations where timber is cheap. Oak is the common wood used and 3"x5" was the common dimension used with their length varying from 10 to 18 feet. In laying this track the continuous lengths of rails make butt joint connections and are held in place by spiking to a cross tie. The chief objections to wood rails is that they do not make a strong or secure track. The rails are frequently warped and twisted before laying and in time the insecure method of fastening and lack of attention invite the derailment of cars, also they do not provide a return when gathering is done by electric locomotives.

The steel rails generally used today may be said to be of two kinds, first, those rolled from the original pig iron billets and, second, those rolled from used rails and sold as re-rolled rails. These re-rolled rails have an extended use in the mines throughout the country and are made from old rails discarded by the railroads because of wear or because of replacement with larger sizes to meet the needs of heavier traffic. They are purchased by mills specializing in the manufacture of lighter sections and the process of manufacture is much the same as the course followed where the rails are rolled from the original billet. They are first inspected for flaws and are then broken up into such lengths as will meet the requirements of light rail orders. They are then charged into a furnace and heated to a rolling temperature and passed through the rolling mill which turns them out the desired size. It is next hot sawed to the specified length, cooled, straightened and punched for the fish plates.

In the selection of rails it is false economy to skimp on

x E. N. ZERN, E. M.

the original cost too much. A road constructed of too light a section of rail, while showing a saving in first cost, will require the expenditure of this saving over and over again in repairs and maintenance, to say nothing of the costliness of the loss through the delays of traffic. Each year as the mine workings progress further and further from the mine opening the demands on the haulage system becomes greater as it is necessary to maintain the output that there be more cars each trip and that there be more speed secured in transit. This in turn obliges the use of heavier motor equipment and to withstand this increased traffic a heavy rail and good road bed are necessities which the use of a small rail in the original installation entirely precludes, unless the track is entirely re-laid.

SINCE the weight of rail depends largely on the type of haulage equipment, it follows that the smaller size of rail manufactured may well be used in the thinner seams where the haulage is done by animal power, while the larger sections are used in the thicker seams where mechanical haulage is the rule. Good examples of the two extremes are some of the Illinois mines and some of the Pennsylvania mines on the Pittsburgh seam. In the former 10 to 12 pound rails are used on the secondary haulage lines and in the latter 80 pound steel is used in the main haulage.

However, it may be said that in the thicker seams where mechanical haulage is or will be used, a safe rule is to use 40 to 60 pound rails on main haulage, 20 to 40 pound for the cross entries and 16 to 25 pound for the rooms. At the shaft bottom or at the main slope partings where the service is continuous and severe it is advisable to use a 70 or 80 pound rail.

The use of wood ties is almost the standard practice although some authorities advocate the use entirely of ties built of steel. In wood ties, chestnut, oak and hard pine are the woods most commonly used, although the choice depends largely upon the locality in which the mine is located. Sassafras, elm and hickory are largely used in Illinois and in some of the northern mines many mine ties of hemlock and hard maple are used.

The size of the mine ties used will vary largely with the importance of the haulageway and the size of the rail to be used. If rails from 40 to 80 pounds are to be used the ties should have from a 6 to a 8 inch face, be 6 inches deep and project from 8 to 15 inches on each side of the rail. The larger projections serve to establish the track and save the ties from splitting when spikes are driven. Spacing of the ties varies from 18 to 24 inches center to center. In rooms using a 20-pound rail a 4x4 tie spaced 24 inches center to center is used.

Mine ties are usually brought into the mine hewn on two faces with the bark on the side. It is preferable that the bark be removed since it serves to hold moisture against the tie, a sawed tie is not as good as a hewn tie as the cut of the saw leaves a more or less woody surface which retains moisture and encourages decay.

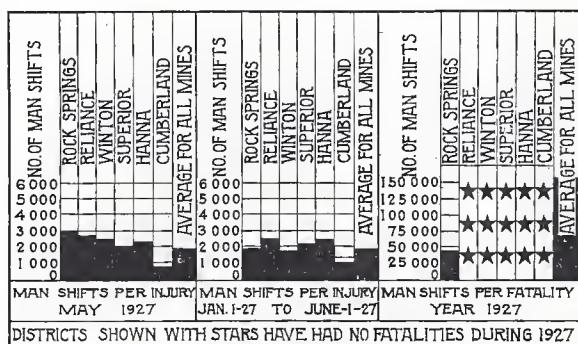
Some companies are adopting the use of steel ties and claim many advantages for them. A tie of this kind consists of a flat or corrugated length of steel provided with caches to secure the rail. They are usually spaced from 4 to 8 feet apart the rails resting directly on the floor between the ties. Their first cost is higher than the wood tie but since they may be used over and over again, whereas a wood tie is seldom used more than once or twice, their ultimate cost is less.

Additional advantages of this type of tie is claimed as follows: from 2 to 4 inches increase in working height is secured by their use; in case of derailment the lift in replacing the car is reduced; the reduction in height tends to make shoveling easier; miners are able to lay their own track without delay; they are lighter in weight and easier to handle than wood ties; the track is held at the required gauge and prevented from spreading; if bent or broken

(Please turn to Page 250)

MAKE IT SAFE

May Accident Graph



A COMPARISON of the accident records for the first five months of 1927, and for the same period in 1926, shows a marked decrease in the number of injuries for the present year. To date last year there were 114 reported accidents while for the January-May period this year there have been 82 reported, or a decrease of 28%.

More gratifying even than the decrease in the occurrence rate is the fact that the severity of the injuries has also greatly lessened. While the severity cannot be expressed in terms of percentage, when it is considered that among the 114 accidents there were 6 fatalities and several others of such severity that the injured employee was maimed or crippled for life, we must feel that much good has been done and that the lesson of safety is being better learned each day and practiced by those who have learned it.

Generally speaking, accidents are unnecessary and can be avoided. There are three fundamentals in accident prevention, viz: eliminate the hazard, the proper guarding of dangerous parts and the education of the employee.

The first two named are properly the function of the employer but the latter is the duty of the man. Mechanical safeguards are helpful but are not sufficient.

Leading industrial executives and engineers who have saved millions through safety work testify unanimously that mechanical safeguards can prevent only a small fraction of the preventable accidents.

The human mind—which alone controls human action—cannot be surrounded by a mechanical guard.

During May, fifteen accidents were reported from the six districts; 28,598 shifts of eight hours were worked so our resultant was one injury for each 1,907 man shifts, a very good figure and equalled only once before this year. While Rock Springs led by a small margin for the month, Reliance and Hanna are still in the lead for the pennant, separated only by 50 points. With one month to go, and Superior within striking distance, much can happen in the pennant race. A good month or a poor month will make the difference.

Avoid Avoidable Accidents

The Cost of Accidents

WHEN an accident occurs and one thinks in terms of money, sympathy properly goes out to the injured one whose earning capacity suddenly ceases for a term of days, weeks or months.

When the financial loss to the injured ones, due solely

to accidents, is annually computed, the aggregate sum is appalling.

Yet the injured workman is not the only one who suffers a distinct financial loss but the employer is also a monetary loser.

Taken from a recent circular of the National Safety Council, the following are a few of the "incidental" costs of industrial accidents and which must, of necessity, be borne by the employer:

1. Compensation or Insurance Premium costs.
2. Lost time of other employees—
 - a—Out of curiosity;
 - b—Out of sympathy;
 - c—Assisting injured;
 - d—Through shattered nerves.
3. Time lost by foreman, supervisors or other executives—
 - a—Assisting injured employee;
 - b—Investigating cause of accident;
 - c—Arranging for injured employee's production quota to be continued;
 - d—Selecting, training and breaking in new employee;
 - e—Comparing state accident reports or attending hearing before industrial commissioner or compensation court.
4. Time spent on case by first aid and hospital department when this time is not compensated by insurance.
5. Injury to machine or spoilage of material.
6. Interference with production, failure to fill orders on time, loss of bonuses, payment of forfeits, etc.
7. Cost to employer under employee welfare and benefit systems.
8. Cost to employer of wages in full to injured employee upon return to work, whereas such services (the employee not being fully recovered) may be worth only about 50 per cent of normal value.
9. Loss of profit on injured employee's productivity and on idle machines.

These are but a few of the real items of loss to the employer. Experts of insurance companies and compensation bureaus have estimated that the "incidental" costs average \$4.00 for every dollar paid out in compensation and medical care.

The Annual Field Day

At the time this issue of the magazine is going to press, it is impossible to definitely state the exact date upon which the annual Safety Field Meet will be held.

We are at present waiting for word from the Bureau of Mines as to when the rescue car will be in this district. It is generally felt that much of the success of the contest is due to the training that the men and the teams receive from the Bureau engineers, and that it is much fairer to all contestants that they each receive a week's training before the contest. A later date than July 16th is also thought to be better owing to a great many men taking their vacations about that time.

As soon as we know definitely, a date will be set and all districts will be immediately notified and sufficient time will be given for thorough preparation.

Just a hint. It's going to be a big day. Really worthwhile prizes will be given as for example, each man on the winning team will receive a gold wrist watch, and second and third places will also be suitably rewarded. Does that sound good?

Work will mean a watch and a watch will mean work, so it's up to you, get out and dig.

Fatal Accident at Tono

John Larson, a miner, was instantly killed by a fall of face coal in the Tono mine of the Washington Union Coal Company about 3 o'clock P. M., May 12th, 1927.

Mr. Larson and John Susilovich, his partner, had loaded out the majority of the coal left from a preceding shot the evening before, and Mr. Larson was working under an overhanging ledge and was in the act of pointing a hole to be drilled, when a large piece of coal, weighing about 800 to 1,000 pounds, fell, striking him on the head, death being instantaneous.

The overhanging ledge referred to is located approximately four feet from the floor of the seam and is quite difficult to shoot, often remaining after the bottom coal is shot, and due to the many previous accidents resulting from this source is locally known as the "man-killer." Together with the many clay slips, which are oftentimes invisible, this portion of the seam is very dangerous, and the prevention of numerous and serious accidents requires constant vigilance on the part of the miners.

Mr. Larson and his partner, both men of years experience, had previously during the day tried, unsuccessfully, to remove the overhanging coal, it only falling after Mr. Larson had taken his place underneath it to continue his day's work.

Mr. Larson, who was 52 years of age, had been a resident of Tono for the past six years, and his untimely passing is mourned by the entire community who deeply sympathize with Mrs. Ellen Larson, his wife, who survives him.

Accidents for May

Loader—Was switching car into his room and while pushing stepped on rail and slipped, straining side and resulting in a hernia.

Loader—Was using spike bar to take sprag from wheel of car. Spike bar slipped and his thumb was bruised between bar and bottom.

Inside Laborer—Was operating "duck-bill" and was hit in face with ratchet handle.

Driver—Was switching a car into room neck and car derailed, catching his left foot.

Loader—While shoveling coal into car was struck in eye by small piece of coal.

Loader—Was lifting large piece of coal upon car when it broke, part falling on foot, causing contusion of left foot.

Joy Loader Operator—Driver had pulled loaded car to room parting. Operator started to push empty to face of room. The loaded car started running back and at driver's warning shout, operator tried to climb into empty car instead of stepping to either side. He got partly into car and leg that was hanging over side was caught between the two cars and fractured.

Rope-Runner—When alighting from moving trip, stepped on a piece of loose coal, spraining knee.

Miner—was struck in eye with small piece of rock, injuring eyeball.

Timberman—While looking at roof, a small piece of rock fell, striking him in eye and injuring eyeball.

Miner—Foot struck by piece of falling cap rock, cutting toes.

Miner—Was struck on foot by a small piece of coal rolling from gob pile. He continued to work and eight days later was compelled to lose time owing to infection developing in wound.

Miner—While pulling down loose top coal, a piece fell, injuring hand.

Machine Man—Was operating machine when cutter bar struck sulphur ball, causing machine to swing suddenly around, and his hand was caught between motor frame and rib, bruising fingers.

Timberman—While pulling props was struck on head by small piece of falling rock.

George Armstrong Custer

Born New Rumley, Ohio, December 5, 1839, died Custer Battle-field, Little Big Horn River, Montana, Sunday, June 25, 1876.

By Eugene McAuliffe

MY parents came to Dakota Territory in the summer of 1872, the rail end on the Northern Pacific Railroad then some thirty miles east of the Dakota line. My father, who had served his best years in the British army in India and the East, entered the service of the railway company at Fargo, Dakota Territory, a short time after arrival. The chief engineer of the road was General Thomas L. Rosser, a classmate of Custer's at West Point, who rose to rank and fame in the Army of the Confederacy, later renewing his companionship with Custer when to the Seventh Cavalry was assigned the task of guarding the locating engineers and construction forces employed under Rosser. During the Civil War these two faced each other again and again in cavalry engagements, and when Custer's body lay stark and festering on the Little Big Horn, Rosser was one of the first to volunteer to go to its rescue. When the call to arms came in 1898, in the war with Spain, Tom Rosser, with General Joseph Wheeler and other ex-Confederates, again donned the blue uniform of their country, the past forgotten.

The trifling personal note contained in this sketch will be pardoned the writer, then a boy of ten, who saw General Custer and can yet recall vividly many of the happenings of the frontier days of Dakota. Again, my father knew Custer, knew his type and to the last admired and defended him while admitting his faults. There is a camaraderie among army men always. During the summer months of the year herein recorded, I was engaged in the laudable enterprise of learning to telegraph in the railroad telegraph office at Fargo. A few days after the news of the wiping out of Custer's command reached the world, the operator, a man weighing two hundred and seventy-five or more pounds, J. B. Inman by name, copied a message sent from Bismarck to Mrs. A. E. Smith, the wife of Lieutenant (brevet Major) A. E. Smith, containing the fateful statement that her husband's body had been found and identified at last. The operator tossed the message over to me to deliver to Mrs. Smith, with the remark, "Give this to your mother-in-law. The Major is dead." Mrs. Smith and her little dark-eyed daughter, of whom I was very fond, lived but a block away, and with the entree to their modest living place common to a boy of ten, I a moment later bounced in with the cheering words, "Mrs. Smith, the Major is dead." I can hear that widowed woman's scream yet, though a half century has passed since that early July Sunday morning.

GEORGE CUSTER, was of the gallant, reckless type. As a cadet at West Point Military Academy he was given more to audacious pranks and boyish revelry than to study. Hazing as an institution was then running at full tide. General Morris Schaff, one of Custer's classmates, in his book, "The Spirit of Old West Point," tells how Custer and his set seized on a young fellow student, a serious minded country-bred boy, a cadet from Maine, who carried a great double cased silver watch, of which he was very proud. Custer, at the head of the tribe of persecutors, would insist on recurring examinations of the watch, listening in feigned wonderment at its loud ticking, asking endless questions as to its origin and value. General Schaff relates that, "They never seemed to get tired of having him wind it, and tell them about the last man that repaired it, or of asking how he dared risk his life through New York with it; insisting daily on taking him to the sun-dial in the area and threatening at

last if he didn't bring it to running accurately with the dial they would have to report him for carrying a time-piece that discredited the official time and thereby reflected on them as officers of the Army. Custer stood at the foot of his class and graduated only after a period of waiting, in the spring of 1861, while his more studious classmates were hurrying away to Washington to drill the then growing army of volunteers.

What were embalmed military tactics to the fun-loving youth, later to become a soldier, who never paused to weigh a single move, whose theory of fighting was that of doing the unusual, and doing it now? Side by side with Custer rode the starry Goddess, Lady Luck, a deity who never deserted him until that fateful Sunday in June, 1876. Following his fellow cadets, now second lieutenants, Custer arrived in time to get into the First Battle of Bull Run; later he captured the first colors taken by the Army of the Potomac. Promotion came quick and fast for Custer; brevet lieutenant colonel for Yellow Tavern, brevet colonel for Winchester. In July, 1863, as brigade commander, he rode at the head of a newly-formed brigade of Michigan cavalry, a command which he made famous by his turning of Stuart at Gettysburg, and in 1865 he was given command of a division and was assigned to Sheridan's Corps. Lieutenant Colonel W. A. Graham, in his "The Story of the Little Big Horn," pictures the spectacular daring and picturesque side of Custer in the following words:

"It was in the nine days from Five Forks to Appomattox that Custer was in his glory. Leader of the Third Division of the Cavalry Corps of the Army of the Potomac, which swore by him, clad in a picturesque garb of his own design, bestriding a big, mettlesome charger as full of energy and vim as was its rider, he hovered every mile along the southward flank of the retiring remnants of Lee's heroic army, darting in at every cross-road, picking off flankers, stragglers, wagons by the dozen, even occasional field-guns and caissons, giving the starving columns no chance to eat, much less to sleep, striking everywhere along the line of march, interposing wherever he found a gap, compelling his adversary to halt and deploy, thereby delaying the progress of the gray columns and enabling the infantry of the Army of the Potomac to come striding along by every parallel road, gradually overhauling their gallant but exhausted foemen, capturing whole batteries of field artillery, and finally, in one supreme effort, throwing his entire division athwart the Confederate front and compelling a dead halt until the Union infantry could reach the extreme head of the column, reach around and across the turnpikes and roads, and finally, screened by Custer's cavalry, halt their long dusty columns and form their lines of battle facing eastward—square across the Confederates' only way to safety.

"Thus and then at last the almost indomitable army of the South was brought to bay, and Lee's dramatic surrender followed. It was Custer who had the luck to be in the lead at the start and to hold it against all comers to the finish; Custer who led the last charge of Sheridan's cavalry (against the South Carolina colonel who wouldn't surrender); Custer who bore away terms of that merciful dishandship of Lee's devoted men; Custer, whose runaway charger made him by long odds the most conspicuous object at the grand review in Washington; Custer whose yellow curls and major-general's uniform in the fourth carriage of the presidential procession, one year later, drew the enthusiastic plaudits of the crowds

along their route—crowds that had not so much as a single hand to cheer for Andrew Johnson, chief magistrate of the victorious Union; and finally Custer who became the magnet that lured to his standard hundreds of daring young Americans; for when the Seventh Cavalry took the field against the hostiles of the southern plains, Custer at the head of the column, it was practically an American regiment, one in which the soldier of foreign birth was almost a stranger. The roster of the Seventh Cavalry was made up in greater number—probably far greater—than any other in the army of the United States, of eager young troopers, American to the core."

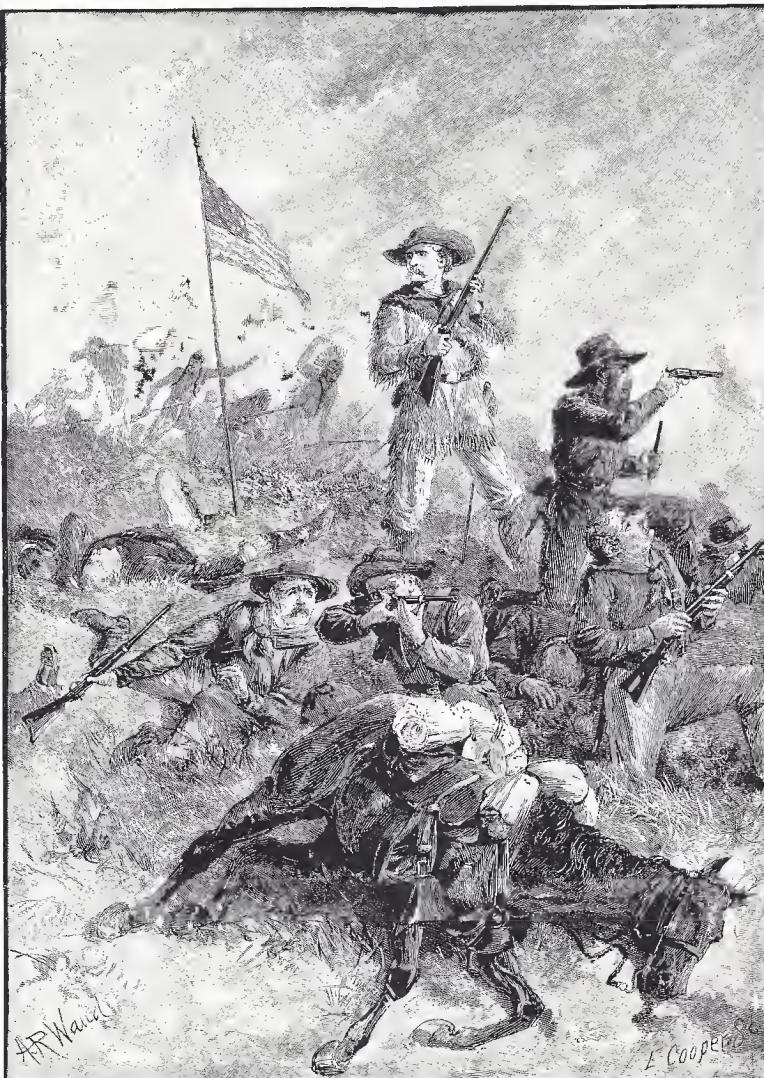
I SAW the Seventh Cavalry in Denver as they came back from the half century anniversary of the battle in 1926, and it was quite apparent that the regimental tradition of racial regularity was definitely broken. To my mind, the immortal Seventh, which found a place in history with the men who died at Balaklava should have held its ranks pure American, or English speaking at least. The regimental band played "Garry Owen" as of old, but the men did not look the same.

With the close of the Civil War, Custer's service was varied and not always to his taste. Assigned to duty in Texas, he asked permission to accept Juarez's offer of commander-in-chief of the Mexican Cavalry against Maximilian. When refused leave of absence, he accepted a lieutenancy in the Seventh Cavalry, joining the command at Fort Riley, Kansas, in November, 1866, serving under General Hancock, who was succeeded by General Sheridan in the summer of 1867. Such was the genesis of Custer's connection with the Seventh Cavalry. In 1868 he defeated the Cheyennes in the crushing victory of the Washita. Life did not run smoothly for Custer thereafter; court-martials and removal from his command, only to be restored at the earnest pleading of his superior, gave him many unhappy hours. Service against the Ku Klux Klan and revenue violators in Kentucky, from 1871 to 1873, likewise failed to satisfy Custer's restless nature. In the

spring of 1873 he left Elizabethtown, Ky., for Dakota, and the story of that memorable journey from Memphis to Cairo by river, the rail ride to Yankton and the frigid reception given Custer and his command by an April Dakota blizzard, in which some of the troopers lost their lives, is vividly told in Mrs. Custer's "Boots and Saddles." With the belated Dakota winter gone, the long march up the Missouri to Fort Abraham Lincoln began, and guarding the engineers and workmen locating and constructing the second transcontinental railway to be built, occupied Custer until 1876. Some years ago while I was rummaging around a second-hand book store in St. Louis, I found a copy, paper bound, soiled, yet complete, of "Life on the Plains," by General G. A. Custer, U. S. A., published in 1874. This book, closely printed, contains in its 256 pages a graphic story of the Seventh's Kansas Indian campaign. Soberly written, with little that would indicate the dashing characteristics of the author, it remains a well-nigh forgotten record of frontier life preceding the great invasion of settlers which began shortly after the close of the Civil War.

In November, 1875, the hostile attitude of Chief Sitting Bull was such as to necessitate the Department of Indian Affairs recommending to Washington that sufficient force be sent into Dakota to compel the offend-

ing Indians to settle down, as the other Sioux had done. In December, 1875, the Interior Department at Washington notified the hostiles that if they did not come in by January 31, 1876, troops would be sent against them. Failing to obey, the whole Sioux situation was turned over to the War Department on February 1, 1876, and General Sheridan, then in command of the Department of the Missouri, with headquarters at Chicago, was instructed to reduce the hostiles to subjection. Custer's unfortunate capacity to get into trouble with those above him here entered into the situation, and it has been said that a desire to reinstate himself in the good will of



Custer's Last Fight

President Grant led to the chain of circumstances that eventually cost his life and his five companies of troopers.

COLONEL STURGIS, commanding the Seventh Cavalry, was on detached duty in the spring of 1876, as well as the two senior majors of the regiment. General Custer, normally second in command, was the senior officer on duty, and the next man under him was the junior major, Marcus A. Reno. Among the regimental officers and troop commanders were men who had rendered brilliant service during the Civil War, men who had commanded regiments, and in some cases brigades. Jealousy was rampant among the regimental staff, and Custer and anti-Custer factions quickly developed. Among those opposed to Custer was Captain Benteen (brevet colonel) and Major Reno. During the Civil War it was the practice to confer brevet rank on any officer in return for extraordinary gallantry or military success, and it was not uncommon for a captain or a major to wear the insignia of a lieutenant colonel or colonel when off duty, men of brevet rank required at times to serve under men of less distinction, and so bitterness was engendered. Custer, with his regiment ready to move, gave offense to President Grant by becoming involved in the impeachment proceedings pending against Secretary of War Belknap, who had resigned under fire, and by the President's order Custer was removed from command, General Alfred H. Terry, the Department Commander, ordered to take his place, and Custer was even forbidden to accompany his regiment in any capacity. When it is recalled that Custer was commissioned the youngest major general in the army of the United States with one exception, the youthful Marquis de Lafayette of Revolutionary fame, it can be understood how bitter was the cup that he was compelled to quaff. Appealing frantically for reinstatement, the President at the last moment yielded to the kindly intercession of General Terry, and Custer went to his place at the head of his regiment; General Terry, however, remaining in command of the expedition. Bold, free, impulsive, a man to whom dashing, audacious action was second nature, he rode at the head of his regiment, smarting under a sense of injustice, resolving to reinstate himself at any cost in the minds of the President and the American people. Custer, always a stormy petrel, had but one thought uppermost in his mind—to do a deed sufficiently daring and spectacular to force recognition of his soldierly courage. Whatever his faults, he did not deserve the cowardly charge of committing suicide, as set forth in an unsigned article in a popular fiction sheet in June of this year.

Space forbids a too detailed account of the events preceding the annihilation of Custer's five companies under his personal command on that memorable Sunday afternoon of June 25th, fifty-one years gone. Three divisions were included in the expedition against the insurgent savages, which included not only Sioux, but Cheyennes, Pawnees and other Dakota, Montana and Wyoming tribes. Commanding the three divisions was General Terry, under whom served Custer, and Generals Crook and Gibbon. On June 22nd supplies of ammunition and rations were drawn by Custer from the river steamer "Far West," Captain Grant Marsh, a St. Louis riverman, commanding, and at noon, with all preparations complete, the Seventh Cavalry broke camp at the mouth of the Rosebud, formed and marched out in review before Generals Terry and Gibbon. General Gibbon is quoted as saying that as Custer gripped the hands of his comrades in farewell, he said to him: "Now, Custer, don't be greedy, but wait for us," to which Custer made the cryptic reply, "No, I will not." There was an ambiguity to this answer that may or may not have been intentional.

WITH Custer's column, in addition to the 528 enlisted men and thirty-one officers of the Seventh Cavalry, were Autie Reed, a nephew, and Boston Custer, a younger brother of the General; Mark Kellogg, correspondent for the Bismarck Tribune and the New York

Herald, all civilians; five white, twenty-five Arikara (Ree), and six Crow scouts. When Custer marched away from his abandoned camp no one—Terry, Gibbon or Custer—believed that Sitting Bull's followers numbered in excess of fifteen hundred warriors, many estimating the Indian forces at a lower figure, and so all believed that Custer's twelve troops would prove ample to cope with the Indians. Custer marched on, using the utmost caution, the troop commanders reporting to Custer in person no bugles blown, and the formation so arranged as to keep down dust. Shortly after 9:00 P. M. of the 24th Custer's Indian scouts told him that the trail of the Sioux led across the divide and into the valley of the Little Big Horn. After a short conference with his troop commanders, the order was given to resume the march, and not until 2:00 A. M. was a halt ordered. At daylight the Indian scouts detected immense herds of ponies some fifteen miles below, and at daylight the march toward the Little Big Horn was resumed. It is due Custer to say that he did not know, nor did Terry or Gibbon know, that General Crook with his force had been turned back by Sitting Bull but a week before, nor that the Sioux, flushed with success, had drawn to them at least three thousand warriors, all of whom, thanks to the cupidity of white traders, had been provided with Henry and Winchester repeating rifles and plenty of ammunition.

At 12:07 P. M. Custer, with the help of his adjutant, Cook, divided the command into three squadrons. Companies A, G and M were assigned to Major Reno; Companies H, K and D were assigned to Captain Benteen; B Company, under Captain McDougall, was assigned to the convoy of the pack train, and Companies C, E, F, I and L were retained by Custer. Company C was commanded by Captain Tom Custer, the General's brother; E Company by Lieutenant A. E. Smith; F Company by Captain Yates; I Company by Captain Myles Keogh, and L Company by Lieutenant Calhoun, Custer's brother-in-law. At 12:15 P. M., and with all ready for the advance, Custer ordered Benteen with his force of one hundred and twenty-five men to "proceed to the left at an angle of about 45 degrees from the previous course," instructing Benteen to "scout the bluffs and to pitch into anything he might find." In ten minutes Benteen was out of sight and the rest of the regiment proceeded on its way, Custer and Reno on opposite sides of a small creek leading into the Little Big Horn. At 2:15 P. M. the combined columns of Custer and Reno arrived at an abandoned teepee containing the dead body of an Indian warrior, and a few moments later a heavy dust cloud was seen some five miles in advance. A civilian interpreter, Girard, riding to the top of a knoll, saw some forty Sioux between the troops and the river apparently in flight. Girard shouted back to Custer, "Here are your Indians—running like devils." Thereupon, and believing that Sitting Bull was in flight, Custer ordered Reno to follow the Indians, with the assurance that the whole regiment would be behind him, although Benteen and his command was then eight or ten miles away. The party of forty fleeing Indians meant but one thing to Custer—that the Sioux were running, and it was his plan to have Reno strike them forcibly and quickly, and thereafter he planned to hurl his five companies like a thunderbolt of war into a disorganized, routed enemy. Reno ran into, not fleeing Sioux, but an army three times the size of Custer's entire command, which was now divided in three sections. The story of that day is a long one, withering fire, panic-stricken men with their mounts stampeded by the savagery of the enemy, high points.

BENTEEEN, finding no trace of the foe, decided to disobey Custer's orders and rejoin the main command. His march had covered fifteen miles and it was now about 3:30 P. M. Riding on, he met first a sergeant from Captain Tom Custer's company, who bore an order to McDougall to "Hurry up the packs." A mile or so further on he met a young Italian trooper, Giovanni

Martini, known as John Martin. This boy had served under Garibaldi as a drummer boy at Villafranca. Martin bore Custer's last message, signed by his adjutant, which read: "Benteen—Come on—Big village—Be quick—Bring packs." Riding fast ahead, Benteen from a rise of ground saw the valley of the Little Big Horn spreading before him, and there in a cloud of dust and smoke he saw an overwhelming force of yelling, shrieking, painted savages sweeping in from all directions, riding down and killing a little band of soldiers who were vainly trying to reach the river. This was the rear of Reno's command who, unhorsed, were left behind their comrades in the mad rush for shelter. Half Yellow Face, a scout, pointed to where Reno had fled with the survivors of his command, and in a few moments Benteen was at Reno's side. Reno personally was in a panic-stricken condition, his command now much reduced, excited and badly disorganized. In a moment Benteen became the commander. A man of magnificent presence, of dominating personality, cool, keen, daring, he quickly brought order out of confusion. The Sioux drew off and the work of bringing up the pack train was hurried and a new distribution of ammunition was made.

When the last of Reno's men arrived at the hill immediately following Benteen's juncture with him, the sound of firing, heavy and continuous, was heard down the river. The Indians attacking Reno had likewise heard the firing and had ridden by hundreds in that direction. Benteen had shown Custer's last message to Reno, but neither officer knew Custer's whereabouts. It was now 4:30 P. M. and suddenly two distant volleys rang out. Weir, commanding D Company, sprang to his feet, exclaiming to his lieutenant: "Edgerly, that's Custer." "Yes, and we ought to go down there," replied Edgerly. Weir hesitated a moment, saying: "I'm going to ask them (meaning Reno and Benteen), but if they won't take command are you willing to go with D Company alone?" Edgerly answered, "Yes, I am," and Weir strode away. He is said to have spoken heatedly to Reno and thereafter and alone, save for his orderly, he rode to the north. Edgerly, supposing that permission had been granted, followed with D Company, the troopers going down stream a mile, where from a high point

they could see the Indians, some of whom were assembled in groups, while others rode about shooting at objects on the ground. Weir and his troop, seeing no sign of Custer, decided that he, finding the Sioux too strong, had suffered repulse and had gone to join forces with the advancing Terry. At 5:00 P. M., with the pack train up and now well stocked with ammunition, Reno, carrying his wounded and led by Benteen, followed Captain Weir, reaching Weir's position at 6:00 P. M. Attacked by the Sioux, they retraced their way to Reno's original position, and at 7:00 P. M. the battle was on again. Fighting continued until late at night and then the little band of harrassed and wounded soldiers began the work of digging in—with but three spades and two axes, knives and spoons were frantically used to lift the flinty, dusty ground. At dawn the battle was resumed and for two more long days the thirst-maddened men fought on. Shortly after noon on the second day the Sioux were seen to gather their ponies and pull down their tepees, preparatory to moving. A group of officers stood on the ridge to watch the Indians depart, the moving mass in sight for several hours, bulking, it is said, against the setting sun as a solid mass of savages and animals, as numerous and as precisely organized as a division of cavalry on the march. In this cavalcade it was estimated there was from 15,000 to 25,000 ponies, the fighting strength, excluding women and children, from 3,000 to 5,000.

TWO days later Lieutenant Bradley of the Seventh Infantry, commanding General Terry's scouts, pushed ahead of General Gibbons' plodding troops to get in touch with Custer. They met some Crow Indians, who told the tale of Custer's destruction. Bradley sent a messenger to the rear to tell Terry what the Crows had said, but the story was not credited. No one believed that Custer could suffer defeat—to couple his name with defeat was unthinkable. That night Gibbons' troops rested nine miles below the scene of Reno's seige and at daybreak of the 27th Bradley and his scouts were again in motion on the hills. Crossing the river, Bradley came to high ground, from which he saw in the glare of the morning sun objects which gleamed white in the distance. Drawing nearer, he and his men saw cold in death the bodies of more than two hundred white men and the carcasses of many horses. The one living thing on that field of death was the horse Comanche, Captain Myles Keogh's mount. The only body which had escaped mutilation was that of Custer, who lay where he fell, his dead troopers all about him. Lying beside the dead troopers were found many Springfield single shot breech-loading carbines, empty shells jammed in the breeches by the heat of rapid firing, the edge of the shell extractor having cut through the rim of the soft brass shells—it was this weapon that the soldiers were compelled to use against the splendid repeating rifles furnished to the Indians by predatory traders. With Custer died twelve other commissioned officers, 191 enlisted men and four civilians. Reno lost three officers, forty-eight men and five civilians and scouts killed, and fifty-nine wounded, of whom seven died on the field.

Early in the morning of June 30th, with fifty-two wounded men on board, the steamer "Far West" left the mouth of the Little Big Horn for the long journey to Fort Abraham Lincoln, arriving at Fort Lincoln at 11:00 P. M. July 5th, averaging thirteen and one-seventh miles per hour for 710 miles of twisting, tortuous river, a feat unsurpassed. The "Far West" had not been tied to the bank when officers were ashore, running up the streets of the sleeping town of Bismarck. Among those aroused were C. A. Lounsberry, the editor of the Bismarck Tribune, who was also the accredited correspondent of the New York Herald, and J. M. Carnahan, the telegraph operator. Rushing at full speed to the telegraph office, Lounsberry prepared the copy while Carnahan held his place at the key for twenty-two hours without



Sitting Bull, Noted Sioux Warrior

rest. The notes taken by the dead correspondent, Kellogg, furnished much material for the despatches, the remainder taken from the stories of the men of Reno's and Ben-teen's commands.

The telegraph line from Bismarck to the East consisted of one wire, with the old wet batteries and earth return, and Fargo served as a relay station on the wire journey to St. Paul. When the boy of ten reported for practice the next morning, Operator Inman, after working all night Saturday, stripped to his trousers and under-wear, was taking Carnahan's despatches off the sounder, crashing them on without copying to the receiving operator at St. Paul. I can remember most vividly his command to bring coffee from the railroad dining room nearby, which I tremblingly obeyed. Of that long day I can best recall my task of carrying food and drink to my chief. Rough in language, without elegance of face or form, Operator Inman was made of the stuff that was characteristic of the West. I can recall my father coining in search of me late in the evening, home, meals and all else forgotten in the one fact that Custer and his troopers, who had meant so much to me as a boy and to the men building the railroad, were dead. To this day I have found it hard to side with the Indian.

IT IS fifty-one years since that fatal day of June 25, 1876. Since that time I have read every available story of the tragedy of the Little Big Horn, a tragedy that for utter annihilation eclipsed Thermopylae, Brad-dock at Rush Creek and the Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava. The responsibility for the destruction of Custer's column has been charged to various men and events. The truth lies somewhere between the many extremes expressed. The fact remains that General Terry's orders to Custer were ambiguous; they contained qualifying exceptions. Custer sent Benteen on what was a fruitless errand, and that Benteen returned in time to save the remnant of Reno's column was due to disobedience of orders. Reno was charged with personal cow-ardice in not going to the relief of Custer. That he was in a state of panic when Benteen arrived was doubtless true, but the ordeal he had just passed through may have overtaken him when in a physically depressed condition. Men who have ridden the western plains know too well how the water available in the early days affected their bodies, and at times their souls. The further fact remains that Benteen, whose courage was unquestioned, made no suggestion to go to Custer's relief after he joined Reno. It was the gallant Captain Weir and Lieu-tenant Edgerly who led Reno and Benteen toward the scene of conflict. Reno and Benteen really felt during their two days' seige that Custer had ridden away after finding the Indian forces too strong to attack. Neither Generals Terry or Gibbon would believe Lieutenant Bradley's messenger when he carried back to them the story of Custer's death, gathered from friendly Indians.

Indian warfare has ever called for individual action. The men who fought the western Indians knew this, and orders were seldom definite. The rule of flexibility was of recognized usage. General Custer, like the men eagles who skim the skies, for the first time in his brave, audacious career, underestimated the task which confronted him. He expected to contend with a force outnumbering him three to one, a force which made the separation of his command into three sections good strategy. Instead, he met an enemy who was better armed, every warrior a trained fighter, outnumbering him by odds ranging from seven to ten to his one. Thirty per cent of Custer's troopers were raw men—their losing their mounts when Reno was attacked is evidence of this weakness.

Custer played for big stakes and lost, but I prefer to think that whatever the animosity his fellow officers bore him, they would not desert him in the face of the enemy. Such is not the record of the service.

We Congratulate Our President

On Saturday, May 28th, Mr. Eugene McAuliffe, our president, was awarded the degree of Doctor of Engineering (*honoris causa*) by the School of Mines and Metallurgy, University of Missouri, Rolla.

The degree is conferred for distinguished service along engineering lines and has been given to but one other man by this school, Doctor W. R. Ingalls, Consulting Engineer, New York City.

Convocation is always an indescribable thing. It has a solemnity all its own—a proud, humble, glad solemnity. Graduation exercises took place in the auditorium of Parker Hall, which seats some six hundred people and was filled with students and friends. The graduating class of eighty-four members, after donning caps and gowns in Norwood Hall, marched in procession across the campus to the auditorium of Parker Hall, receiving their degrees from the hand of Doctor Charles H. Fulton, Director of the School of Mines. Nineteen graduate students were commissioned as officers in the Reserve Corps of the United States Army by Lieutenant-Colonel James Linwood Peatross. Then Doctor Stratton D. Brooks, President of the University of Missouri, assisted by Director Charles H. Fulton of the School of Mines and Metallurgy, conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Engineering on Mr. McAuliffe.

The address to the graduates was delivered by Doctor Walter Williams, Dean of the School of Journalism, Columbia, and was marked by its stirring appeal for service, for good citizenship and a recognition of the spiritual values of life.

The School of Mines and Metallurgy, University of Missouri, was founded in 1870 and is the oldest inde-pendent mining school in the United States. Her graduates began the practice of their profession at a time when purely practical methods of mining were the rule of the day. The value of training soon made itself manifest, with the result that alumni from this school have gone to every corner of the earth. From the Arctic Circle to the Rand of South Africa graduates of the Missouri School of Mines are practicing their profession, and counting among their members many of the foremost engineers of the day.

The Magazine, as well as all the officers and employees of The Union Pacific Coal Company, wishes to extend congratulations to our president. We feel sure that the Missouri School of Mines and Metallurgy, in having chosen Mr. McAuliffe as the recipient of this degree will, in years to come, be proud of its member who stands high in every forward-looking movement of the coal mining industry and for every life-building movement initiated by those who work in the industry.

And if we sometimes like to join our chief Chinaman, Jim, in his appreciations of his "look see, Big Bossy man," we join too in the tribute of the eager, earnest, standing student body of the Missouri School of Mines as it honors Doctor Eugene McAuliffe.

Bituminous Coal Production

The total quantity of bituminous coal produced during the calendar year 1927 to June 4 (approximately 131 working days) amount sto 245,333,000 net tons. Figures in other recent years for corresponding periods are as follows:

1923.....	239,698,000	net tons
1924.....	203,985,000	net tons
1925.....	200,944,000	net tons
1926.....	231,584,000	net tons
1927.....	245,333,000	net tons

Boy and Girl Scout First Aid Meet at Rock Springs June 18th

THE most successful meet we've ever had. So said veterans of many a First Aid Field Day who watched the Scout First Aid contest on the morning of Saturday, June 18th. Moving with the sure order, rhythm and precision of a follies show, without tension,—a precision born, not of any military-like strictness, but of the earnestness and preparedness of the contestants and the carefully made arrangements effected by the Safety Department of The Union Pacific Coal Company which directed the meet, it was a delight to see.

There were the four Junior teams, so evenly matched, down in front. And look at their final scores: Winton, 97; Cumberland, 96½; Reliance, 96-1/3; Superior, 93-1/3. Scores so close they evidenced the splendid training these girls had received. Worthy opponents all, and all ready to congratulate Betty Hanks and her team and ready to appreciate the happy smile of Lieutenant Mary Foster who accompanied them. Lulu Bean who captained the Cumberland girls came next but what a tiny difference between them and the Little Bears of Reliance! Only one-sixth of a point. Superior came next with a very good score too.

In the Senior Girls' section, Hanna girls and Troop III, Rock Springs, tied for first place with a score of 99-2/3, while Reliance Bears were close behind with 98-1/6. Just such a small difference! Next came Rock Springs' Beehive girls with 95; Cumberland with 94-1/3 and Superior with 94-1/6 following right behind.

In the play-down between Hanna and Rock Springs, Hanna girls won out with a score of 98-5/6 to Rock Springs' 96-5/6. The best team had won and quickly the Rock Springs' Owlettes were joined by the Beehives and Climbers as they gave a boomerang for the Hanna Mount Elks. And quickly back came the Mount Elks' answer, a cheer for the Rock Springs' team. This left the standing, Hanna, first; Rock Springs, second and Reliance, third. Since the Reliance team had been broken up and temporarily disbanded because of the illness and absence of some of its original members it is to be congratulated on its record.

There was a bold array of boy contestants. Hanna came out first with a score of 97-2/3; Cumberland with 96-1/6; Rock Springs 95½, Superior 94-2/3 and Winton 93-5/6. Here again scores followed each other very closely with very little difference in points. Hanna boys

won a trip to Salt Lake City, to which point they will be accompanied by Mr. James McArdle, their instructor, whose past achievements in the practice of First Aid has earned for him the name "Hanna's Hero"—and who surely made new friends for himself at the contest by his helpful attitude to all the contestants, his interest in all, the feeling he gave that First Aid was "the thing," not prizes or honors. And this spirit was in evidence in other places. Muriel Crawford, Captain of the Hanna Girls' team, was heard to remark: "It's not the prizes, but we want to do credit to our instruction; to do our best and to support good First Aid work."

The mothers of Troop No. I Girl Scouts had prepared luncheon for all contestants and instructors and judges at the Community Club Hall, Rock Springs, so everybody found their way there at 1:30. A delicious luncheon, prepared and served by Mrs. P. Campbell, Mrs. Morgan Roberts, Mrs. John Knox, Mrs. T. Jones, Mrs. John Thomas, Mrs. Matt Wilde, Mrs. Roy Sather, Mrs. William McMillan, Mrs. Tony Ritson, Mrs. Henry Davis and Mrs. Margaret Jenkins, with the men of the Community Club to help arrange tables and chairs, and Mrs. George B. Pryde and Mrs. Matt Medill to help the committee and mothers. The Scouts planned to ask Mrs. Jones to become a permanent member of their "eats" committee and hoped they might sometime help the mothers of No. 4, Rock Springs, to arrange something. A delicious luncheon! Everybody was hungry, too. But did that or the fatigue of the contest stop the usual Scout songs? Not at all. Those Climbers! We're thinking of asking the camp committee to make a removable roof on the New Fork lodge so that it may be opened when the Climbers begin to "raise the roof." No grumbler in them. Hear them:

"Round the Council room is ringing the Climbers' mournful song,
While the Hanna girls are singing, happy as the day
is long.
Where the dust so thick is lying, on the rocky ground,
There the Climbers' hopes are buried, buried in the cold,
cold ground."

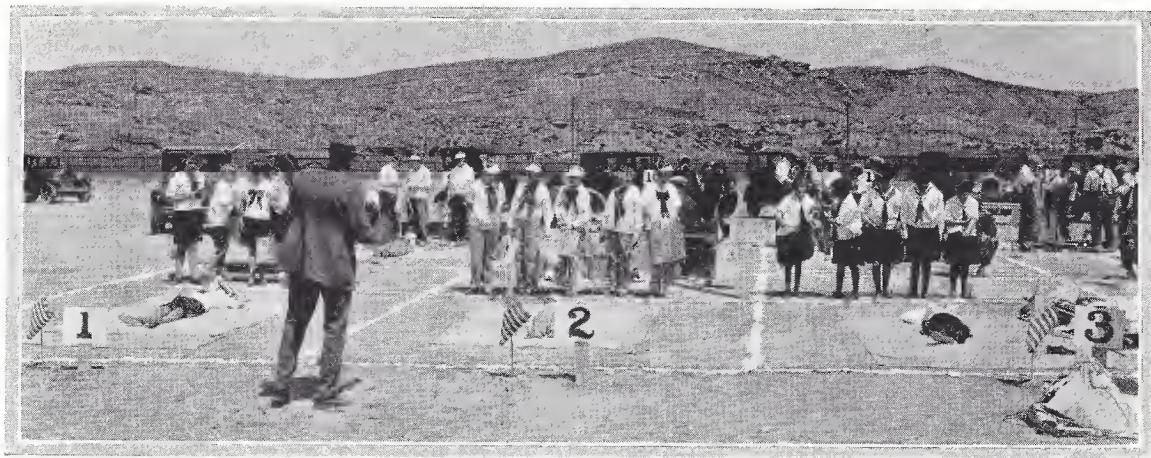
And then:



Hanna Senior Girls. Winners of Girl Scout First Aid Contest for second time. Left to right: Muriel Crawford, Captain; Edith Crawford, Eileen Cook, Helen Rennie, Hazel Jones and Ruby Fearn with Instructor James Hearn.



The Winton Juniors win first place. Betty Hanks, Captain, kneeling; Marion Grindel, Jessie Augilar, Florence Moon, Lavona Groutage, Vaun Slaughter.



The Junior girls ready for the gong announcing the first problem.

"But you can't discourage a climber,
You can't discourage a climber
No matter how hard you try,
No matter how hard you try.

For:

"A quitter never wins, girls;
A quitter never wins.

And:

"A winner never quits, girls;
A winner never quits."

Cheers from everybody, then all joined in Mr. Mac's camp classic, "Whoop de doodle do," which never wears out, "A long, long line a-growing" and an array of Troop songs.

Then Mr. George B. Pryde, chairman, called on Mr. T. Gibson, who commented on the contest and told about contests he'd seen before. Mr. Dickinson was next introduced and said:

"Having engaged in a jolly good contest, and now having treated the inner man as the exercise of the contest deserved, we should all be in a pleasant frame of mind.

"Clean, sporting, out-of-doors amusements such as we have witnessed today mean much in the successful rearing of boys and girls, and hence much to the community, for it is only a matter of a few years until you boys and girls will be engineers, lawyers, doctors, nurses, teachers and Scout leaders of our beloved State of Wyoming. Then in turn it will become your duty and pleasure to help the Scout cause and to see to it that the young folk surrounding you, perhaps children of your own by that time, are given proper opportunity to acquire a love for clean sports, such as Scouting provides.

"The instruction which you have received has shown the necessity for cleanliness in the treatment of the injured, as well as in one's personal habits. You have been shown that good health is essential to enable you to enjoy a good time.

"This contest is now an annual affair and we hope that you will tell your younger brothers and sisters and friends about it, so that they will prepare for the time when they may join us and, also, so that they may be encouraged to become good, clean Scouts."

Mr. Lyman Fearn, Chief State Mine Inspector, congratulated the Scouts in no uncertain terms on their sportsmanship and the excellence of their work during the contest. He, by his own most evident appreciation of First Aid and Scoutly attributes, gave the boys and girls a renewal of their feeling of its worth.

"Doodles" McArdle told the Scouts that theirs was the best contest he'd attended, though he'd been a First Aider for six years.

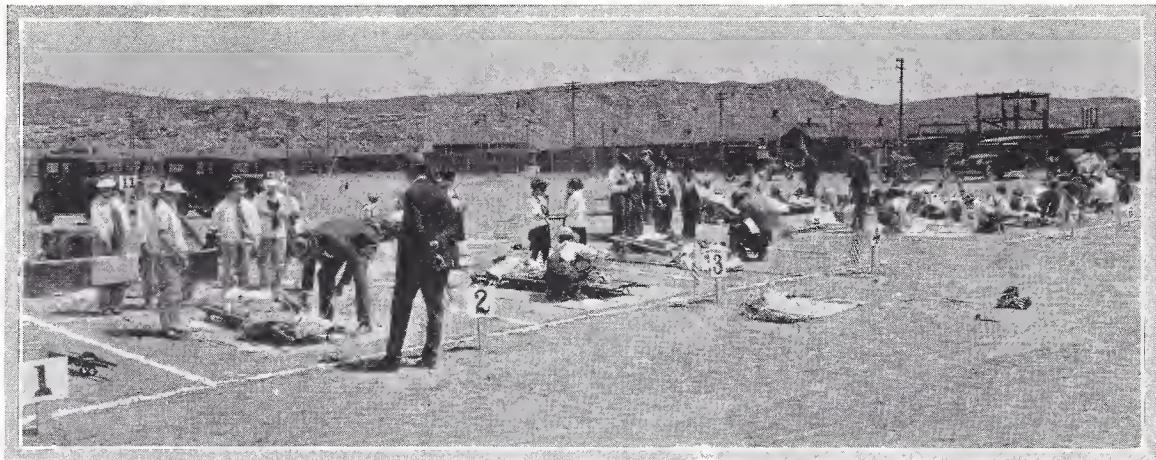
Mr. Williams, Rock Springs' Scoutmaster, told an in-



Hanna Team, Boy Scouts, winners of First Prize in Boys' Contest. These boys will go to Salt Lake City. Yngve Eckman, Harold Morgan, Howard Rodda, Lincoln Mellor, Burr Bailey and Jack Crawshaw. Instructor James McArdle will accompany the boys.



The play down in the Senior Girls' tie for first place. Doctor Wm. Harris of Winton and Superintendent G. A. Brown of Superior score the Rock Springs' Owlettes; State Mine Inspector Lyman Fearn and Mr. Dave Wilson judge the Hanna Mount Elks. A more difficult problem and close scoring while interest rose high.



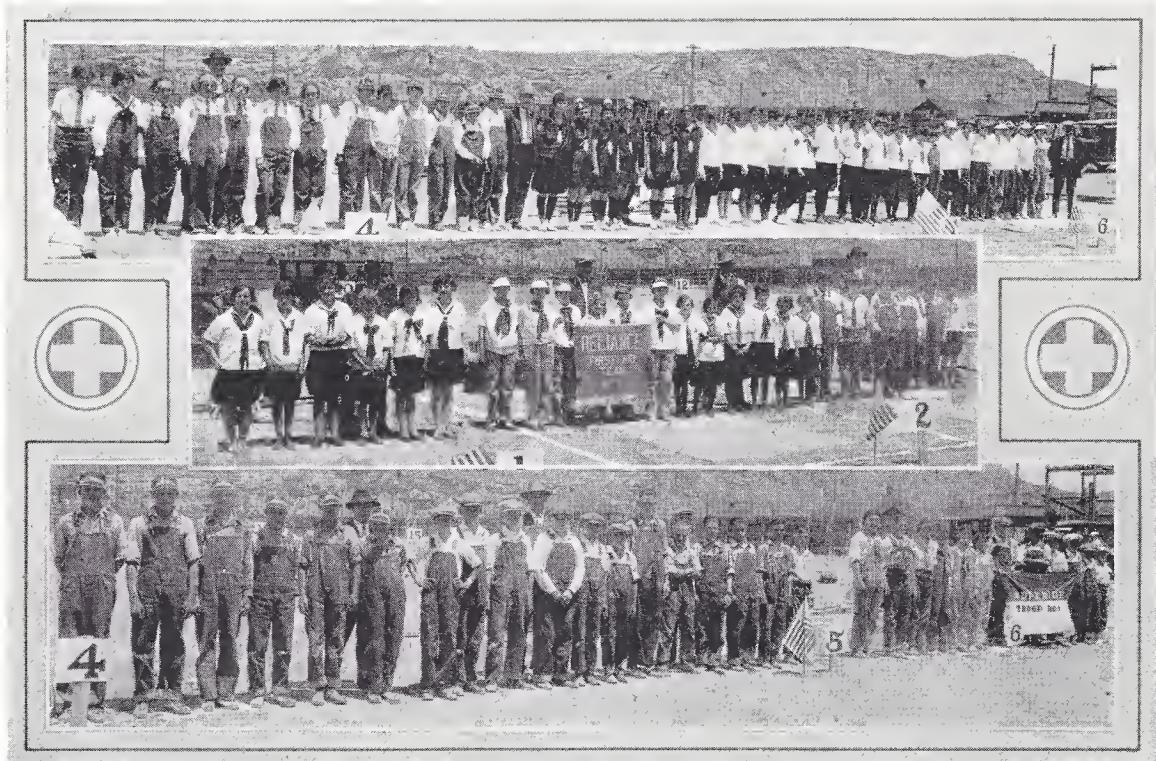
The field. Judges examining work of contestants after Problem 1.

teresting story and congratulated the boys on their contest, which was better than he'd expected.

Betty Hanks, Captain, Winton Juniors, said hello to everybody and thanks to everybody. Muriel Crawford thanked those who had the contest in charge for the kindness and the arrangements for the comforts of the Scouts. And Yngve Eckman, Captain of the Hanna

team, speaking for the boys, thanked the various committees for their help and the other Scouts for their sportsmanship. The singing of "America" and taps closed the program.

In the evening, at the theatre, the three first teams put on a First Aid demonstration, and Mrs. Eugene
(Please turn to Page 260)



Scout First Aid Contest; First Section, Senior Girls; Reading from left to right they are: Superior Girls with Instructor Flockhart; Rock Springs' Beehive Girls; Rock Springs' Owlettes with Instructor E. Daniels; Hanna Mount Elks with Instructor Hearn; Cumberland Team No. 1 with Instructor Pete Boam and Reliance Bears with Instructor Hugh Kelly.

Second Section, Junior Girls; Reading from left to right they are: Winton Badgers with Instructor Auld; Reliance Little Bears with Instructor Louis Gianopolis; Cumberland Juniors with Instructor P. Boam and Superior Juniors with Instructor Flockhart.

Third Section, Boy Scouts; Reading from left to right they are: Winton Boy Scout team; Cumberland team; Hanna team; Rock Springs team; Superior team.

Third Annual Fete of Old Timers' Association Celebrated in Rock Springs, Wyoming

As I approve of youth that has something of the old man in him, so I am no less pleased with an older man who has something of the youth. He who follows this rule may be old in body but can never be so in mind.—CICERO.

HELLO, Old Timer! Hello! Hello! It was the hearty, resounding greeting to be heard on every hand as the Old Timers gathered for their third annual celebration. Hello Old Timer! Early on the evening of the tenth it was to be heard everywhere as little knots and larger groups of those who had driven in began to gather on street corners and in the homes of friends. Passing cars were watched for newcomers. Citizens watched and greeted and smiled. The town of Rock Springs stood ready to welcome the honor visitors. Everybody had been planning for Old Timers' Day. It was nearly here. It had arrived. Hello, Old Timer!

Then by common consent everybody moved toward the depot as the time for the Cumberland and Hanna trains drew near. More friends were coming. An added interest. Hanna was bringing her band. Cumberland too, of course, the veteran, even if some of the players are tiny girls. Then the trains were in and waiting cars and the homes of friends swallowed those who could leave the visiting on the street. More trains later on. More folks for the fete. Hello, Old Timer. Hello, Old Timers; all of you. Hello!

And, in the morning, despite the visiting of the evening before, everybody was early astir. It was really Old Timers' Day now. "Slight showers, cloudy," said the Weather Man the day before; sent his card to Mayor P. C. Bunning, telling just that. But Mayor Bunning knew it was Old Timers' Day, so he sent back word, "Heigh you, Mr. Weather Man, that won't do at all! I'm not afraid of you. I'm the mayor of Rock Springs and I must have a very nice day tomorrow." "Oh, all right, all right," said the Weather Man. "I'll send you a card and you can order any sort of a day you wish."

Mayor Bunning wrote: "Clear and bright; a slight shower at dinner time to settle the dust for the evening." So the day was splendid and everybody was glad to be out early. And Winton and Reliance and Superior folks arrived; and more bands! A new Winton-Reliance band since last celebration! And more greetings and much visiting until the business meeting which came at 10 o'clock, when the members of the Old Timers' Association were to elect their officers for the coming year. On the platform were the officers of the Association and the forty-year men, those who this year had completed forty years of service with The Union Pacific Coal Company.

The newly elected officers were called to the platform: President, Joseph Iredale, Rock Springs; Vice President,

Andrew Hood, Superior, and Secretary-Treasurer, Charles P. Wassung, Rock Springs.

President Joseph Iredale thanked the members for the honor done him, asked for the co-operation of all in making the organization a success, and that every member help every other member to thoroughly enjoy the day's pleasure which was before them.

Secretary Charles Wassung read the names of those members who have died during the year:

Charles Brooks (colored).

Started work at Hanna in 1898.

Died there April 5, 1926.

Thomas T. Edwards.

Started work at Rock Springs in 1879.

Died at Cumberland July 18, 1926.

Louis Julius.

Started work at Rock Springs in 1899.

Died there May 5, 1926.

Richard Lewis, Sr.

Started work at Rock Springs in 1886.

Died there April 18, 1926.

Joseph M. Spowell.

Started work at Carbon in 1900.

Died at Rock Springs December 12, 1926.

Mike Tomicich.

Started work at Rock Springs in 1903.

Died at Cumberland, October 29, 1926.

Leo Wah.

Started work at Rock Springs in 1886.

Died there May 21, 1926.

The President called on Reverend Roy Burt, who delivered an earnest and thought-provoking eulogy, paying tribute to the heroism of these men whose lives had been characterized by courage, high daring and faithfulness to their daily duty. He challenged his hearers to greater earnestness in devotion to the task they had shared and a remembering, through the sadness that went along with the day of rejoicing, the day of cementing of friendships as we recalled those whose achievements had brought joy to our hearts and were no more, that we owe a like fidelity to duty and to the development of a continuing advance in the social structure they helped to make.

Mr. Eugene McAuliffe, called on, told about meeting Mr. James Moon, oldest and retired member of the Association, on the street and suggested that many of the younger men might do well to try to learn the habits of living of "this young scamp." He continued:

"Members of The Union Pacific Coal Company
Old Timers' Association and friends: We are

met here for the third time to review in a business way the affairs of this Association, made up, as it is, of men, active and retired, who have given The Union Pacific Coal Company and related companies twenty or more years' service.

"Including the nine retired men who went home to China November 14, 1925, your membership now totals 396 men and one woman. The Old Timers Family, composed of twenty-seven distinct nationalities, presents a fine example of friendly tolerance and comradeship, your long years of toil, mixed with a certain measure of privation, serving to strengthen and cement solidly and lastingly the friendships made when you were younger.

"Of the twenty-seven men who have served forty or more years, a special word might be said. Mr. James Moon, retired, is your senior member, and it is fifty-three years since he entered the service of the company, and I am told that he fell out only because of his dislike toward continuously showing some of the infant class how to romp through a full day's work. The twenty-seven forty-year men are credited with a total of 1,188 years' service, an average of forty-four years to each man. As the average duration of human life is about fifty-five years, it may be safely said that our forty-year men have good bodies, and likewise they must have been safe men.

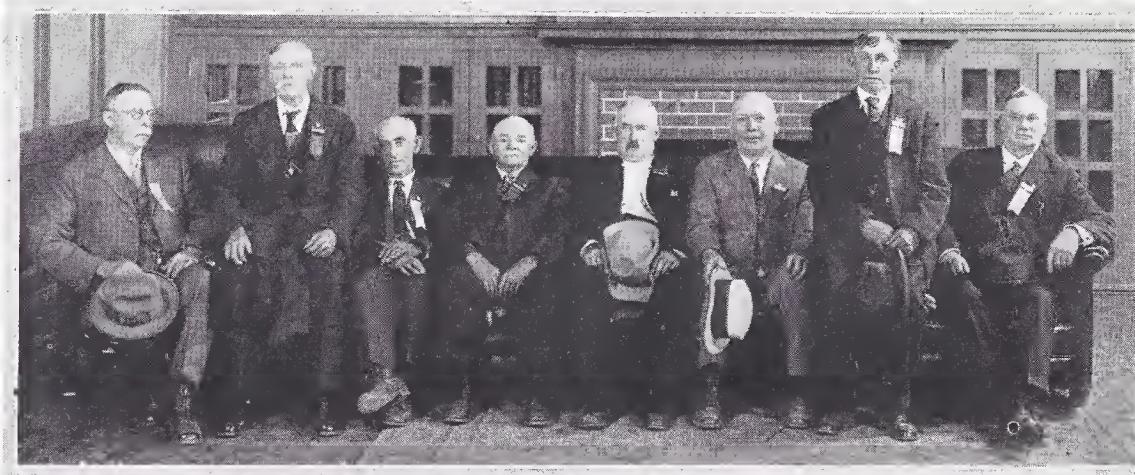
"That we lost by death six Old Timers in 1925, seven in 1926 and seven in the first five months of this year would suggest a growing thinning of the ranks of the men who came to the property when it was young, of the men who were the real pioneers. There is a solemnity attached to the reading of the names of those who have left us in the years which have passed, and I hope that whatever their beliefs in life may have been they are with us in spirit today.

"Since coming to the property I have tried to make life a trifle easier and more secure for a few of our elder men whose age and infirmities prevent their continuing to earn, and it is a great joy to see some of these men here today. Excepting the searing effect of crime, I know of no greater calamity than that of a man or woman who, without means of earning power, is compelled to confront privation in their old age. I trust that we have been able to take this load, in part at least, off the

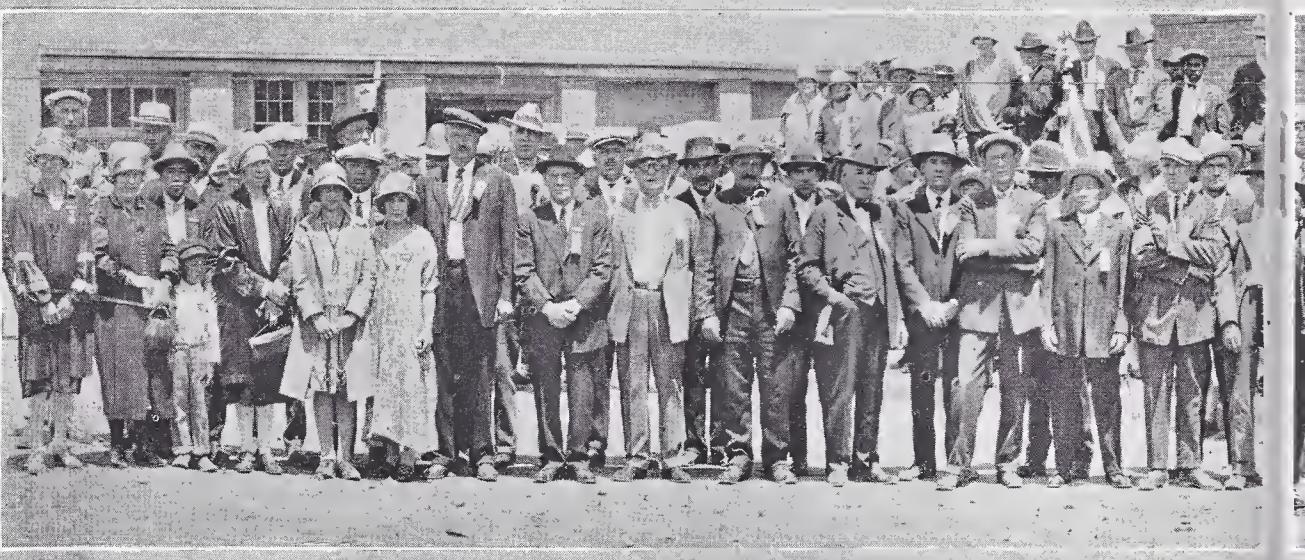
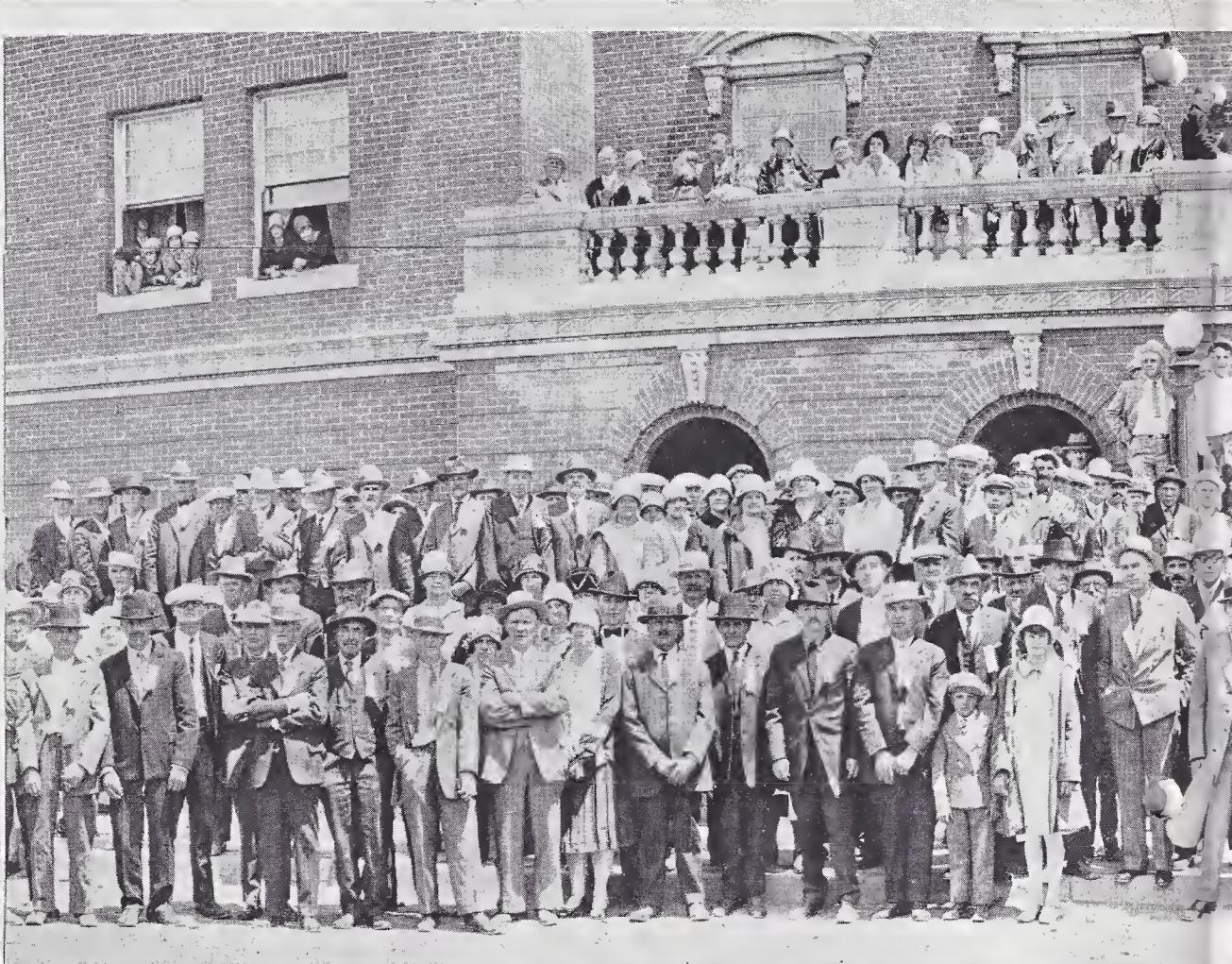
shoulders of some of our old men and their good wives.

"There is another tragedy that has long gone hand in hand with the coal mining industry—the cruel, many times needless stoppage of earnings occasioned by strikes and suspensions. Several months prior to March 31st last I discussed with your Union officers, Messrs. Cahill, Young and Morgan, the futility of the men here in the West stopping work for the reason that it has become customary to suspend operations for weeks or months in the coal fields east of us, supplying a territory which our production does not enter. When the matter of continuing at work was presented to your national President, Mr. Lewis, whom we hoped to have with us today (the Central Competitive Field suspension preventing his coming), we found him anxious to keep the men in the West at work, and so the mines in Wyoming, Montana and Washington where Union men are employed have carried on, and although business has been dull they have kept their markets and their pay-roll, while the men in the suspended districts have, in many cases, been forced to go into the non-union mines in order to obtain means to support their dependents, the coal which they help to get out taking the place of that they otherwise would have mined. The strike and the lockout, and I will not say how much of each enters into the present situation, is too often a brutal, bludgeoning way of settling affairs that might be more quickly and effectively composed through mutual effort toward what is right and just. There is absolutely nothing at the bottom of a just and proper labor relation other than loyal, intelligent, conscientious service on the part of the worker and a full recognition of the fact that a worth while worker is a human being who should be treated as such, paid a good wage and his work made as pleasant and as safe as it is possible to make same. Beyond all of these the question of permanence of position must not be forgotten; lack of employment to a man with dependents is a real tragedy.

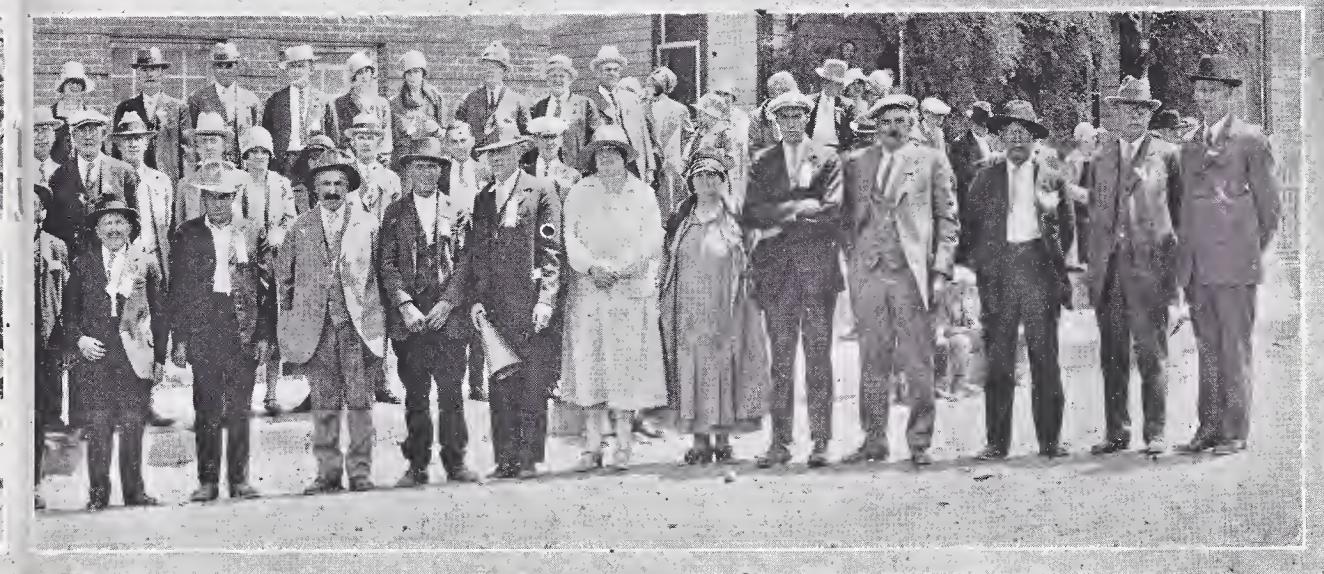
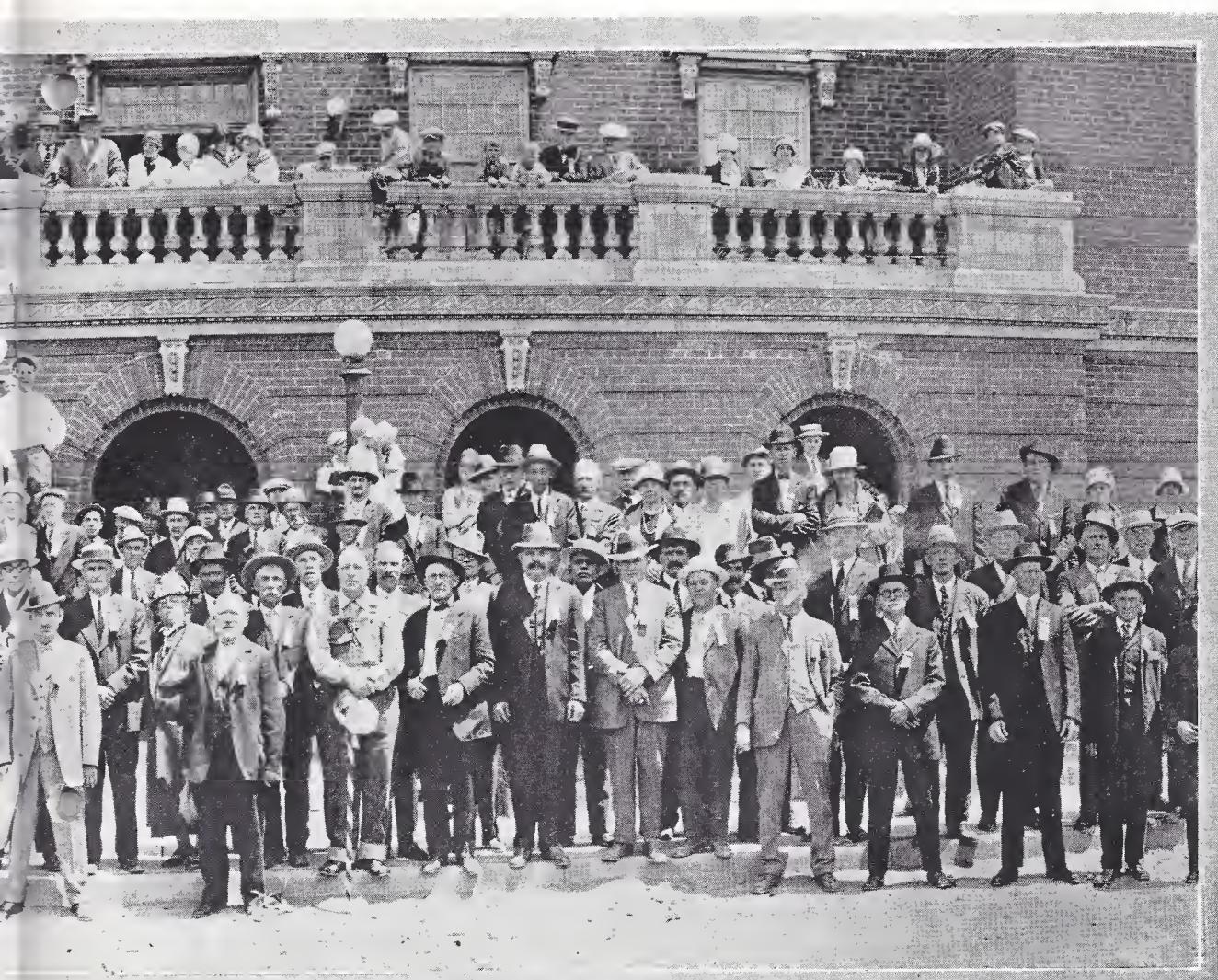
"A year ago I appealed to you elder men to use your influence to make our mines safer. I do not know how seriously you took me or to what extent you felt I was sincere; in any case something happened. We suffered in 1926 a loss of eight



Retired members of the Old Timers' Association. From left to right they are: Thomas Lemarr, James Moon, William Bean, Thomas Cook, James Attryde, George Benson, Andrew Tarris, Sr., Robert Muir.



Third Annual Old Timers' Meeting



ting--Rock Springs, Wyoming, June 11, 1927

found themselves transported into another and unseen world, the Land of Memory. There they found old friends and relatives, looking just as they remembered them, living their old lives, with all that was kind and lovable fresh in their remembrance—all that was harsh and unlovely forgotten. I am sure that many of you in this room who have crossed life's meridian are today again seeing, as did the two little children in the play, the good and happy side of your earlier experiences, and that all your privations and disappointments are forgotten.

"We are today living in an age of fewer hardships than were the daily experiences of we who were knocking around in some form a half century ago. Every age has its drawbacks and its advantages. Whatever the period, we who live in it have a task to perform, and I have rejoiced in the fact that our people, young and old, have accepted cheerfully and unhesitatingly the attempts that we together have made toward better schools, better religious opportunity and larger and better Sunday Schools.

"The measure of wholesome entertainment that you have built up, expressed in the Boy and Girl Scout movement, your Community Councils, the four splendid bands that were self-developed, your First Aid and Mine Rescue Work and many other things represent a fine record of accomplishment.

"Today it is my privilege to present to the seven men who have within the past year graduated into the Forty-Year Class my gift of a special button,



W. J. Rodda, who shares with Mr. Jack Armstrong the title Official Announcer of the Old Timers.

on the reverse side of which will be found their name and the year in which they entered the service of the Company. I trust that each of

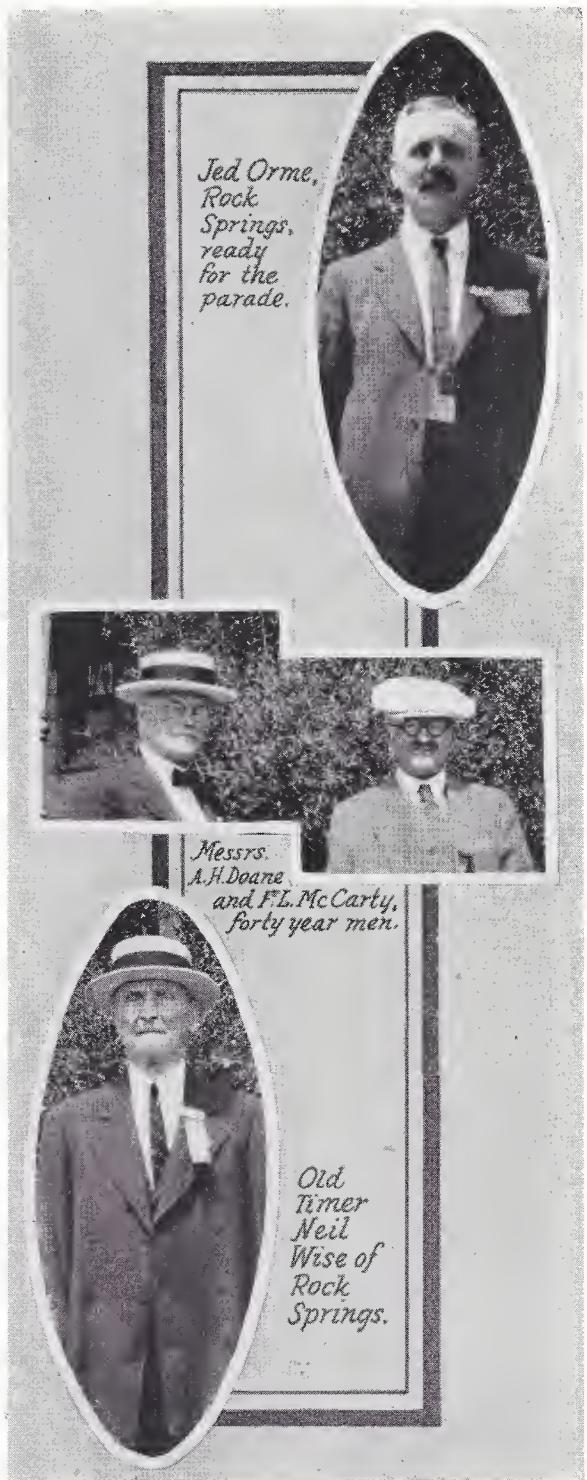


The pipers: William Wallace and Alexander M. Watt, Omaha, and James Noble, Rock Springs, the pride of the Fete.

these seven men will be with us for many more years, and that they will serve as guides and advisers for the younger men who are following in their steps. Forty years forward is a long, long time, but to you whose thoughts are turning



George B. Pryde, Vice President and General Manager, member of Old Timers' Association, as the screen showed him in 1890 as a young man in Glasgow, Scotland, and today.



backward today it seems a very brief span. But much has been done for the world and humanity in the past forty years, and of that you have done your full part."

Mr. McAuliffe here presented, while the audience stood, the men who this year had completed forty years of service with the Company, with gold buttons, his personal gift to them. He was assisted by Mrs. McAuliffe,



In the dining room of Mrs. Geo. B. Pryde's home Mrs. T. S. Taliaferro, Jr. and Mrs. A. H. Doane ready to pour you a cup of tea. Standing: Mrs. Eugene McAuliffe and Mrs. Geo. B. Pryde.

who decorated the men with the pins, and by Vice President George B. Pryde, who announced their names to the audience.

Sydney A. Hale of "Coal Age" editorial staff insisted that editors should be "seen"—no, "read and not heard," but consented to being heard for long enough to express his pleasure at being present at the Old Timers' Association gathering even if, when he'd asked what he was to talk about, the only answer he'd received was that he might talk about—two minutes. Mr. Hale stated that while in the beginning of the industrial growth of the

United States people and communities, dependent upon each other, worked and lived closely together; later the age of specialization, with each man performing a specific task, appeared, this new condition serving to draw men apart—to, in a sense, stratify society. Mr. Hale then said that to his astonishment and surprise he found on his first trip to Wyoming that the old co-operative relation had been re-established in the mines of The Union Pacific Coal Company, where he found men and officials not only working together, but meeting together on a basis of mutual respect and good will. In substance, men again found it possible to live in a mechanized age without separating into classes or castes, all pulling toward a common end.

Mrs. Hale accompanied Mr. Hale on what was to her first western trip.

We wanted to say our special greeting again as Judge N. H. Loomis of Omaha rose to speak. Hello, Old Timer! Hello, sir; hello! Judge Loomis said he'd been surprised that he'd been asked to speak, but not more surprised than that he'd accepted the invitation to do so. He'd always thought he belonged to the young crowd until folks kept inviting him to Old Timers' meetings. But here in this very young-old timers' crowd he could well feel right at home. An inspiring address. We wished we might have brought every small boy we know to hear it. An inspiring, interesting, challenging address, with its large appreciation of the possibilities of accomplishment in every young man, its tales of the successful careers of many and its stirring stories about the small boy's Wyoming, of cowboy and stage coach days. Its recounting of historical facts concerning our Wyoming and the men who pioneered it. Thank you, Old Timer.

Judge David G. Thomas had written a poem for Old Timers' Day which was read by Mr. Jack Ramsay and which is reproduced elsewhere.



Everybody has a band or is a member of a band in our world. Now Mr. McAuliffe has attached himself to the pipers as director, claiming British ancestry.

Mr. James Morgan, State Secretary-Treasurer, United Mine Workers of America, was greeted with hearty applause when he announced that he considered himself a member of the Old Timers' Association and insisted that a twenty-year button must be found for him, since in May, 1907, he had signed the United Mine Workers' contract with The Union Pacific Coal Company (if no one else offers a button, the ladies promise to decorate Mr. Morgan at the very next Old Timers' gathering, and designs are now asked for), and that he had been glad to attend, glad to show his respect for these veterans of the coal mining industry and his respect for the President of The Union Pacific Coal Company, who had initiated the Association.

The Krazy Kats Orchestra of Winton played for the luncheon and Dr. Doyle Joslin and Mr. W. H. Bullock of Denver carried the audience into the land of memory on the wings of some of the old songs, as well as cheered on to the fun of today through new ones.

IT was a full day. In the afternoon was a tea, given at the home of Mrs. George B. Pryde for the wives of Old Timers, where Mrs. Pryde was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Eugene McAuliffe and Miss Kathleen McAuliffe. Mrs. T. S. Taliaferro, Jr., and Mrs. A. H. Doane poured tea, both wives of members of the Old Timers' Association and, incidentally, in no need of colored aide to beauty. Here the women of the fete met for chat and visiting in the time which passed all too quickly.

A band concert, in which bands from Hanna, Cumberland, Winton and Reliance and the trio of pipers took part, occupied the time until the evening when the Old Timers were guests at an excellent and specially arranged vaudeville show at the Rialto Theatre.

The entertainers of the day, the bands, the pipers, the speakers, and all, settled in their comfortable seats, prepared to laugh and applaud; a friendly happy audience inspiring to the entertainers and appreciative of everything set before them.

Old and young clapped their approval of the slides thrown on the picture screen; some slides showing present "Old Timers" when they were just out of swaddling clothes, with their photographs as of today alongside to identify the baby faces of long ago. Brave young Buckaroos of the period of 1870 to 1880, Beau Brummels of the early '90's, they passed before the festive crowd while round on round of applause roared to the townsfolk in the street outside.

Men of many races saw their faces reproduced on the screen and impartially applauded. Americans all of them today—time was when they viewed this land of hope with hesitant glance and timid speech. As the years have passed, the realization formed as to what it means to be an American and on this "Old Timers'" evening they knew. Hello, Old Timers!

Further fun was brought forth in the running of the 1926 film of the "Old Timers" and they saw themselves as of one year ago, disporting in their street parade, as well as grouped about headquarters at the Elks Club building.

In the professional entertainment we heard and saw a number of good acts of vaudeville among which the magician and the dancers seemed to please most. A string of sausage, brought from the vest pocket of a bewildered small boy, aroused screams of laughter. One semi-professional act was well received when "Paul's Symphonators," a group of seven boy musicians, held the theatre for



A group of the folks who attended the reception given for the wives of the Old Timers at the home of Mrs. Geo. B. Pryde. Out of town guests in the picture are: Mrs. Sidney A. Hale, New York City; Mrs. Eugene McAuliffe, Miss Kathleen McAuliffe, Mrs. F. P. Briscoe and Mrs. William Wallace, Omaha; Mrs. C. A. Swanson and Mrs. James Morgan, Cheyenne. Mrs. McAuliffe is in the centre of the debutante row in the front with Grandma Angel, Mrs. Wm. McMillan, Mrs. Sarah Sheldon and Mrs. Grace Hasson.

On The Streets of Rock Springs

Cumberland Band



(above)
Gathering
for the
Band concert



(below)
Hanna
Band

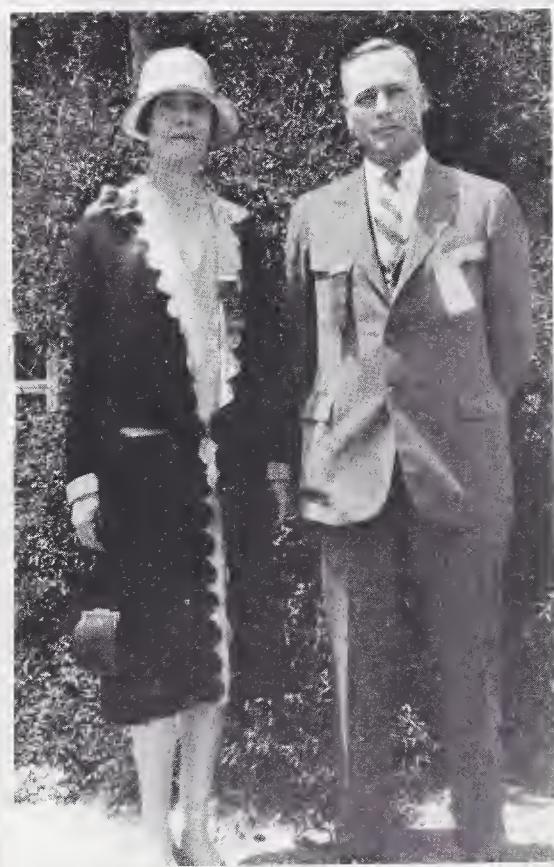
(left)
The Pipers
with
drummers
Paul Cazin
C.H. Olszen
and
A.L. Anderson



(right)
Forty,
thirty-five,
& thirty
year men



(above)
Color Bearer
of the
Cumberlands



Doctor Doyle and Mrs. Joslin at the Old Timers' celebration. Doctor Joslin now counts three years of service as song leader.

thirty minutes. The boys are all from the Rock Springs schools and range in age from eleven to seventeen years—splendid youngsters, well handled by their leader, with smiles and enjoyment in their work much in evidence. Hello, Paul Cazin!

A newly released film showing the "Old West," with its Buffalo, Indians and odd white men, held the crowd until the dashing frontier cavalry troops rescued the beleaguered wagon train just in time to bring triumph to the efforts of the hero, and the crowning thrill of a graceful "clinch" and "fadeout" for the young hearts.

At the close of the entertainment the departing throngs poured out to the bright lights and decorations of the streets, only to pause in groups when old friends met—friends who perhaps had missed contact so far during the day. Some strolled into lunch places for further visiting, while others, perhaps with thoughts of children and grand children at home, stepped into their automobiles—far different from the saddle horses and wagons of years gone by—and roared away over the sage brush hills out to the mining towns and the mines for another year and another "Old Timers' Day" when they will return. Bless you, Old Timer!

Revived

After a long taxi ride a Scot handed the driver the legal fare and a threepenny piece as a tip. The chauffeur glared at the offending coin.

"Ere," he said, scornfully, "wot's this?"

"Man, ye're a sportman!" beamed the fare. "I'll say 'tails'."

Spirit of the Old Timers

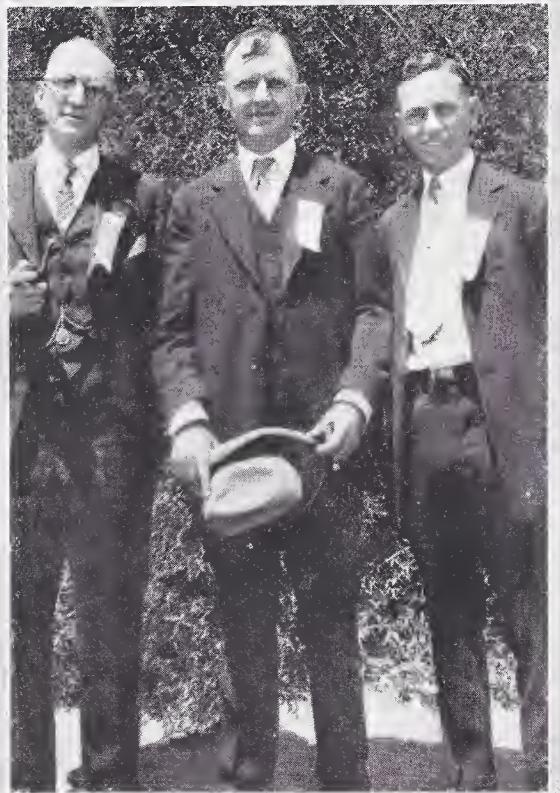
From the rounded Alleghenies; towering peaks of long ago,
'Cross the prairie and the desert to the Rockies, crowned
with snow,
Came a stranger with a purpose and a fairly open mind
To study mine conditions and see what he could find.

After several days of contact with the men, who as his guides,
Treated him more like a brother than a stranger from outside,
He could not curb the feeling that the spirit of the West
Is a great refining process that develops manly zest.

It must be the air, the buttes, the wind, the vast unbounded
space
That makes a man breathe deep, walk straight and glorify
his race.
The practice of the Golden Rule, not a sixty-forty split,
Was the thought that struck the stranger, when he paused
to muse a bit.

Then as guest of the "Old Timers", at their annual boyish romp,
He could see they shunned formality and had no place
for pomp.
With that grand and noble spirit of man's helping hand
to man,
He resolved by solemn, secret pledge to follow out their plan.

(Continued on Following Page)



Engineer W. L. McCoy, of Pittsburgh, Pa., with James Libby and John DanKowski, of the Engineering Department, watching the parade from the sidewalk.

Spirit of the Old Timers

(Continued on Preceding Page)

With rank and title laid aside, a boss is just a man.
 'Tis plainly seen why the U. P. Coal is one of the best
 in the land.
 From the President down to the man at the face, there is
 wonderful co-operation
 Which produces results that, year after year, increase
 beyond wild expectation.

When you look at the men, who for forty odd years have
 worked for the U. P. Coal
 You can't help but feel they've been true as steel and the
 company, in turn, has a soul.
 If you ask a man why he's stayed so long you'll invariably
 get this reply—
 "They've treated me square, Pardner, all the time, and
 I'll stay with 'em till I die."

"This a wonderful thing in this day and age for employer
 and men to unite,
 To settle their differences amicably, instead of the old way,
 by might.
 Oh, would that this spirit prevailed everywhere and all
 men practiced brotherly love,
 What a grand world 'twould be, for you and for me,
 modeled after our Great Home Above!"

*(Dedicated to Mr. Eugene McAuliffe, President,
 and Mr. George B. Pryde, Vice-President, The
 Union Pacific Coal Company, by Engineer William
 L. McCoy.)*



Mary and Mildred Foster, daughters of Old Timer Superintendant Tom Foster of Winton. Mary and Mildred play in the Winton band.



A group of Old Timers. Top, John Firmage; Centre, Emil Berquist and Axel Johnson and, bottom, reading from left to right: Neil Wise, Charles Durham and Moses Harvey.

Some of Our Cheyenne Friends Attend the Old Timers' Celebration

It is not often in the official life of the State that an opportunity arises and circumstances permit the employees of an office in the Capitol Building to pack up and attend a celebration such as the one recently held in Rock Springs by The Union Pacific Coal Company for its "Old Timers." But for once the opportunity did present itself, and circumstances ably engineered by Charlie Morgan permitted the employees of the State Treasurer's Office and Workmen's Compensation Department to be present and enjoy the splendid entertainment that was so abundantly provided by the Coal Company at its recent reunion of faithful workmen.

Three hundred miles are quickly covered when one knows that at the end will be found a host of friends waiting to provide that welcome which is found so rarely

nowadays. And three hundred miles back home pass even more quickly when the mind is filled with the pleasant thoughts and memories that are awakened through having once more come in contact with real Western Hospitality. Truly, not one of us will soon forget Rock Springs and the "Old Timers."

ARTHUR W. CALVERLEY,
Assistant State Treasurer.



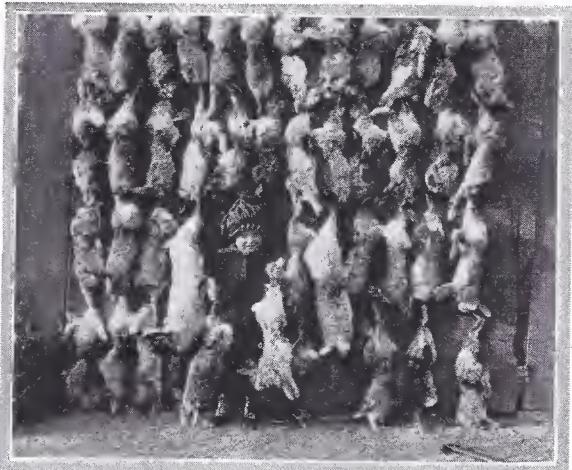
The long and the short of it in No. Four Mine. George Lusher is long and George Yakse is short.

Rabbit Hunting An Old Timers' Pastime

By John McTee, Sr.

Dedicated to Dr. L. E. Young, Pittsburgh,
formerly of St. Louis

ON THE twenty-first of June I was seventy-five years old. I have lived in the coal districts of Wyoming through the romantic days of the early west, through the stirring and troublesome days of early Rock Springs too,—times I like to remember and talk over now. Hard they were in many ways in spite of all the fun. But they were easy days for the hunter. I remember stalking an elk in the vicinity of the old Chinese graveyard and having rabbits almost trip me as I walked along. There seemed to be billions of them. And I have seen as many as sixteen head of deer and elk in half an hour, on top of the same hill. Sage chicken ran in abundance, just back of Chinatown, and along the foot of the mountain near old No. Ten mine there were often elk. During a blizzard they would come down into the canyon and I can remember that we could buy one, delivered to the door, for \$1.50.



Here you are Doctor Young, fifty-one rabbits shot in a two-hour hunt in the vicinity of Fourteen Mile Hill, Rock Springs. Dona McTee, granddaughter of John McTee, is making the count.

Now, though deer and elk are not available near us, we often take the trail north and, camping in the more inaccessible, out of the way places see them again. And for the days when we must stay in town there is always rabbit shooting. In November, last year, when both the rabbits and hunting were good, my grandsons, Leonard and Howard, and I started out in our Dodge. We each carried a 12 gage shot gun supplied with Remington No. 5 shot because we're not like the Irishman who was (I'm Scottish so he couldn't be a Scot) caught poaching and was taken, with his old flint lock gun, a family relic, to the landlord. The laird was interested in the gun and asked how long Pat had had it. Pat, wishing to keep the interest on the gun said: "Sir, I believe my father had that gun when it was a pistol."

But we all carried twelve gage shot guns. My grandsons are good shots and in two hours we came in with fifty-one rabbits, a few jacks but mostly cotton tails.

I always have enjoyed looking at my handiwork when I've finished a task so we stuck the rabbits on the wall to have a look at them and to make it easier for the chief rabbit computing statistician to count them and duly record the possible decrease in available rabbit meat for — — Australia was it? Well, I have a brother down there and I hope there's enough left to send a sample of our Wyoming jacks.

William Mossup, Tono Old Timer, Called to Great Beyond

The death of Mr. William Mossup on May 15th, saddened the little town of Tono, where he was so well known, and the news of his death saddened those of us who'd talked to this genial and friendly old gentleman only a few times but could not fail to appreciate his cordial interest and his pride in the town he called home.

Mr. Mossup was born in Durham, England, in 1864. He came to America as a young man and after a varied and interesting career, which carried him into many towns in many states, he settled in Tono some sixteen years ago. Mr. William Hann, commenting on his service in Tono, says that Tono would seem to have been the place for which he sought in his much traveling, because, after getting settled there, he never wanted to leave it. He was engrossed with his work at the mine, with his home and his garden, which was his pride.

To the family of this friend, we wish to extend our

sympathy, to Joe, of Tono, Mrs. Ed. Hickey, of Chehalis, and Willard at home in Tono, and most particularly to his widow, Mrs. Elizabeth Mossup, sorrowing with them all in their said loss.

John George Bagnell, Cumberland Old Timer Called By Death After Long Illness

Old Timer John George Bagnell of Cumberland, who had been ill for almost a year, died in the Kemmerer Hospital on May 16th and is mourned by a host of friends in the towns of The Union Pacific Coal Company and by his five daughters and their families.

Mr. Bagnell was born in England at Newcastle-on-Tyne. He came with his parents to Coalville, Utah, just after the railway arrived at Ogden. He worked at the old Grass Creek, Utah, mine and later was one of the first men to arrive in Cumberland. He worked in the store there for years with Messrs. Harry Clark and H. J. Harrington. In later years he was barn boss, but had to give up his work altogether about a year ago because of his failing health.

He is survived by his aged mother, who lives at Coalville; two brothers: Ben of Blazon and Will of Coalville; one sister: Mrs. Charles Gilchrist of Kemmerer, and by his daughters: Mrs. W. H. Walsh and Mrs. L. A. Tucker of Cumberland, Mrs. Alta Mosteller of Rock Springs, Mrs. Enta Prior and Mrs. Hattie Prior of Washington State.

Funeral services were conducted in Cumberland and again at the State House of Coalville by Bishop Wilde and Mr. L. Young. A profusion of flowers were sent to the cemetery, where interment was made beside the grave of his wife, who died in Cumberland in 1920. Many, many friends came from Salt Lake City and from Park City, Kemmerer and Cumberland, as well as those attending from Coalville, where Mr. Bagnell grew up and was so well and favorably known.



John George Bagnell, Cumberland, with his two daughters, Mrs. Hattie Prior and Mrs. W. H. Walsh.

The Nannies That Sing in the Spring, Tra-la

A young Canadian was making a call upon a very pretty young Minneapolis girl whom he had met for the first time.

"Do you have reindeer in Canada?" she asked.

"No, darling," he answered, "at this season it always snows."

Alexander Richardson Dies at Tono

The community of Tono and surrounding district has been saddened by the death of Mr. Alexander Richardson, a resident of Tono for the last fourteen years.

Mr. Richardson was born in Scotland and came to this

country when he was but three years old. "Sandy," as he was best known by his friends, was a much respected citizen, always ready to do his part to promote the welfare of the community. For the last few years he had charge of the Amusement hall, and prior to that time was a miner in Tono mine. He always had a pleasant smile for everyone and will be greatly missed.

Besides his widow, Mrs. Mary Richardson, he leaves five children to mourn his loss: Mrs. Dick Buttz, Berkley, California; Mrs. Harry Kelly, Oakland, California; Alexander, Jr., Spokane, Washington; Tom of Centralia, Washington, and Perry of Tono. To all of them the community extends its heartfelt sympathy in their sad bereavement.

Mrs. William McIntosh



Mrs. Wm. McIntosh of Cumberland.

interest herself in her grandchildren and to retain her interest in the folks of Superior where she formerly lived.

Mine Tracks

(Continued from Page 226)

they are easily repaired. The life of the steel tie when used in rooms that are dry varies from 5 to 10 years, in wet mines where the water is corrosive their life will be much less. A coating of coal tar will prevent this action as will also the inclusion of a small amount of copper in the original manufacture of the tie.

(To be Continued)

Charles W. Crofts of Rock Springs Has Two Hobbies

Charles W. Crofts, who lives at 501 Rainbow Avenue, is an expert amateur gardener and an expert amateur photographer. A visit to his garden during any part of the summer is a delight indeed and a call at his home is apt to stretch itself into a visit because there are so many interesting things to see, so many pictures of interesting people and places of early Wyoming.

Mr. Crofts was born in Derbyshire, England, in 1873, and is the son of Mr. Thomas Crofts. The family came to this country in 1883, settling first in Iowa. In 1887 they came west to Wyoming and Mr. Crofts began, with his father, to work for The Union Pacific Coal Company at Almy. He wears a thirty-five year Old Timers' service button and is now weigh boss at No. Four mine.

When Mr. Crofts was just a lad in England, the land of beautiful home gardens and marvelously kept hedges and lawns, he used to follow his grandfather, a flower lover, around and ask questions about how to grow the flowers he was learning to love so well.

Coming to Rock Springs where there were few gardens,

where the soil was difficult and the wind had a habit of making itself unnecessarily busy, Mr. Crofts decided that he would have a garden if it were possible. He first tried a row of sweet peas which were such a success that he was encouraged to go on and now his hedge protected garden is abloom from early spring to late autumn with a succession of flowers beginning with crocuses and tulips, followed by iris, peonies and hollyhocks on to the asters, golden glow and dahlias which last until the snow falls. Experiments with the transplanting of native plants and flowers have resulted in a beautiful bed of wild daisies and another of columbine. A tiny rose garden is beautiful during July and August. Vegetables, too, are successfully grown; tomatoes ripen on the vines and peppers and celery mature splendidly.

Mr. Crofts is known for his garden, his generosity with his flowers and for his success as an amateur photographer.

Ambition Realized

Sweet Young Thing: "Have any of your childish hopes been realized?"

Cynical Bachelor: "Yes. When Mother used to comb my hair, I wished I didn't have any!"

Mr and Mrs. Charles Crofts, their youngest son, Harry and their granddaughter Clara, in a dahlia bed late in the summer.

Charles Crofts with his peonies.

In the Crofts garden. Reading from left to right: Mabel Moses, Mrs. Morris, Laura Moses, Harry Crofts, Mrs. C. Crofts, Clara Crofts and Elmer Moses.



Honor the Flag

In view of the near approach of the Fourth of July, the following "don'ts" with reference to the Flag of the United States—the living symbol of our Republic—should be kept in mind:

1. Do not permit disrespect to be shown to the Flag of the United States.
2. Do not dip the Flag of the United States to any person or any thing. The regimental color, State flag, organization or institutional flag will render this honor.
3. Do not display the Flag of the United States with the union down except as a signal of distress.
4. Do not place any other flag or pennant above or to the right of the Flag of the United States.
5. Do not let the Flag of the United States touch the ground or trail in the water.
6. Do not place any object or emblem of any kind on or above the Flag of the United States.
7. Do not use the Flag as drapery in any form whatever. Use bunting of blue, white and red.
8. Do not fasten the Flag in such manner as will permit it to be easily torn.
9. Do not drape the Flag over the hood, top, sides or back of a vehicle, or of a railroad train or boat. When the Flag is displayed on a motor car, the staff should be affixed firmly to the chassis or clamped to the radiator cap.
10. Do not display the Flag on a float in a parade except from a staff.
11. Do not use the Flag as a covering for a ceiling.
12. Do not use the Flag as a portion of a costume or of an athletic uniform. Do not embroider it upon cushions or handkerchiefs or print it on paper napkins or boxes.
13. Do not put lettering of any kind upon the Flag.
14. Do not use the Flag in any form of advertising nor fasten an advertisement sign to a pole from which the Flag of the United States is flying.
15. Do not display, use or store the Flag in such a manner as will permit it to be easily soiled or damaged.

Children's Safety Slogans

Don't leave the sidewalk until the coast is clear.
Always find a safe place to play. The streets are never safe.

If you ball rolls into traffic let it go until traffic passes. You can get a new ball at any store but you cannot get a new leg any place.

Keep off the back of moving vehicles.

When a motor driver sounds his horn, get out of the way. He isn't joking. You may be hurt if you don't move.

Help the driver by clearing the way. He doesn't want to hurt you.

Teach the younger children the safety first and last way. A short ride on the outside of a motor car may mean a long ride on the inside of an ambulance. Don't "grab a ride."

The fellow who won't take a dare is the crutch maker's friend.

Look both ways before you get out of the car. It takes a second but it may keep you out of the hospital.

Don't forget what mother tells you about crossing the road.



Getting a Kick

A farmer, who was always complaining about everything, was showing the result of fine growing weather and superior skill in cultivating, when his visitor said to him:

"Well, you ought to be satisfied with such crops as these. There is certainly nothing lacking. You have nothing to kick about this year."

The old farmer stood in a meditative mood for a moment, then replied: "Well, you know, son, such crops as these is pesky hard on the soil."

Whereupon the Hero Broke Down

A fond father discovered his young hopeful reading a dime novel.

"Unhand me, villain," the detected boy cried, "or there will be bloodshed."

"No," said the father grimly, tightening the hold on the boy's collar, "not bloodshed, woodshed."

Never Too Much Melon

An old gentleman observed that a young negro boy was having trouble getting outside of a particularly large piece of watermelon.

"Too much melon, isn't it, Rastus?" he asked. The boy extricated his dripping face from the red depths, spat out a handful of black seeds, and grinned:

"Naw sah, boss, not enuf niggah!"

Followed Instructions

"Why didn't you put this watermelon in the iccbox as I told you, Mary?"

"I did, mum."

"But it isn't cold."

"No, mum. How could it be? I had to take the ice out to get it in."

One Way to Do It

Mose: "Hey, there, pardner! What yo' all runnin' so dog-gone hard fer?"

Rastus (still running): "Ise gwine stop a fight!"

Mose: "Who fightin'?"

Rastus: "Nothah niggah an' me!"

Too Late Then

Little Mary and her baby brother were in the country for an outing. They had been out of sight for a moment when Mary ran back to her mother and asked:

"Mother, blackberries don't have legs, do they?"

"Of course not, dear," her mother replied.

The child pondered over this a moment and then gave a sigh of resignation.

"Well, then brother's eaten a caterpillar!"

First Liar Has No Chance

Young Bragger: My grandfather built the Rocky Mountains.

Unsympathetic Listener: Aw, that's nothing. Do you know the Dead Sea? Well, my grandfather killed it.

Not Worried About the Trials

Visiting Minister: "Ah, my dear unfortunate brother! The world—ah—is full of trials!"

Convict: "Parson, it ain't de trials wut worry me. It's de verdicts!"



Do You Remember?

We've just been reading in the picture story for this month "The Spirit of '76" about the wisdom of supplying children with beauty developing and imagination material. Finger deftness and constructive genius too.

It is wise. Nor need the school be the only place to do this. In the home there is much opportunity. Pictures cut out of magazines for which the child herself can supply a story. Something to grow. The line of the hills at sunset with a tiny tree against a blaze of color. A toy to build rather than one all prepared. A doll to make dresses for. Even the place to make candy rather than money to buy it. A tiny corner of the yard to make a playhouse or a castle or a bridge, or a canal as interesting as Goethals ever made in the Panama. Do you remember the one you built? "Beauty is in the eye of the beholder" and grandeur and inventive genius and a tremendous ability to use all the material which comes to it is in the heart of childhood.

Some Vegetable Recipes

Cookery means carefulness and inventiveness and willingness and readiness of appliances. It means the economy of your grandmothers and the science of the modern chemist; it means thoroughness and French art and Arabian hospitality.—RUSKIN.

Boiled Onions in White Sauce

Peel the onions and cut off the roots, dropping into cold water as fast as they are peeled. Drain from the cold water and put in a stewpan with boiling water to cover generously. Add 1 teaspoon of salt for each quart of water. Boil rapidly for 10 minutes, with the cover partly off the saucepan. Drain off water and cover onions with hot sweet milk (a quart of onions will require a pint of milk.) Simmer for half an hour. Beat together 1 tablespoon of butter and 1 level tablespoon of flour. Add 1 teaspoon of salt and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon of white pepper.

Okra, Rice and Tomatoes

1 quart Okra	2 tablespoons butter
1 cup rice	Salt and pepper
$\frac{1}{2}$ can tomatoes	Sprinkle of paprika

Wash rice and cook in boiling, salted water until tender; drain, and add butter, salt, pepper and paprika. Cut okra in slices and cook in small quantity of boiling water. When nearly ready, add tomatoes and rice. Serve hot.

Parsnip Fritters

Wash and cook parsnips in boiling water 15 minutes; remove the skins, mash; season with salt, pepper and butter. Flour the hands or dip them in cold water and shape the mixture into small cakes. Dip these cakes in flour and fry in hot fat.

Peas With Pork

1 quart peas	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup water
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup pork	2 small white onions
1 tablespoon butter	$\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon pepper

Cut pork into small bits. Put butter in stewpan, cover and place over the fire. When butter is melted, add pork and cook gently until a light brown, then add water, peas,

onion and pepper. This is a good way to cook peas when they are a little old and hard.

Cold Slaw

Finely shred cabbage, soak 1 hour in cold water and drain. Mix shredded cabbage with salad dressing. Serve on lettuce leaves. Finely chopped green pepper, onion and pimento may be added.

Waldorf Salad

1 cup cubed apple	
1 cup celery	
1 cup nut meats	
Salad dressing to moisten	

Cut slice from tops of red or green apples; scoop out the inside pulp; leaving just enough to hold the skin in place. Fill the shells with a salad mixture and serve on lettuce leaves. A little salad dressing may be put on top of each.

Fruit Salad

2 oranges	4 slices pineapple, cubed
3 bananas	12 walnuts
$\frac{1}{2}$ pound malaga grapes	

Mix fruit and serve salad dressing on top, or add fruit salad dressing to moisten. Mix with whipped cream or fruit salad dressing, or salad dressing only. May be served in orange cups.

Fruit Salad Dressing

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup pineapple.	1 cup whipped cream
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup lemon juice	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar
2 eggs	

Beat 2 eggs, add sugar, pineapple and lemon juice. Cook in double boiler, stirring constantly until thickened, then set aside to cool. Whip the cream and fold into the mixture just before serving. Very delicious for all fruit salad.

My Baby

Just a little baby
With a baby's charms
Mine to hold you, fold you
In my loving arms.

Hair so soft and shiny,
Eyes so clear and true.
Pearly teeth, I counted them,
Just a peeping thro'.

Roly, poly shoulders,
Dimpled back and arms,
Pen and ink could never tell,
Half my baby's charms.

Little feet so shaky;
I would like to know
The road that they must travel,
As they stronger grow.

But my own dear baby
Trusting this I know
Pure and sweet and loving,
God can keep you so.

—Irene Armstrong.

Girls all Girls

Ho for the New Scout House

OH, TRUMPETER, is it true? Is it really true? Are we going to have a Scout House out at New Fork Lake? Is it Trumpeter, please? With a kitchen? And a nice dry place to keep our food? And a grand living room to have our fun in when it's too wet to be out doors?



a glade for an out-door theatre and a church with stately tree steeples. It's near the bathing beach too, and there's the most marvelous view of the mountains up beyond the narrows and the Second Lake.

The Lodge is to be for both boys and girls and the following men and women are to be the trustees of it: Doctor G. H. Breihan and Mr. A. Scott of Rock Springs; Messers. A. G. Sharner of Superior and Tom Foster of Winton; Mesdames D. V. Bell and V. T. Facinelli of Rock Springs and Rudolph Ebeling of Reliance.

And won't we all take wonderful care of it and of all the woods round about. No one will cut names or deface trees. But we'll build a hearthfire to make the centre of our camp home, the place where we'll unite our hearts in a real appreciation of each other and of the magic and strength and adventure of scouting; where we'll bring our treasure finds and where we'll watch the stars and the "great big silvery moon" as Vivian and Blanche sing the old song for us. And yes, Peg, best of all, there will be somewhere dry to go if it gets very wet or snows as it did last year.

Thank you heaps and heaps, Trumpeter. Now all you need to do is to promise to come to camp. We always need you.

Heigh Ho! Of course I'll be there. I'm always right where the Girl Scouts are. But please don't make me promise to keep up with the Superior Climbers. But I mustn't talk about it because there are so many things to do first and when Trumpeter talks about camp she wants to start off right this minute. Good bye, girls. Please keep a corner of the lodge for me. Good bye. Good luck.

Camp Waiting for Us

While we wait for camp time isn't it interesting to think of camp waiting for us? And all the beauty we were so loath to leave last year. And the bird friends we made. And that nest. Perhaps there will be eggs and then tiny birdies in it again this year. And that lovely big table rock. And the pine trees up beyond through which there was such a nice path to ride over.

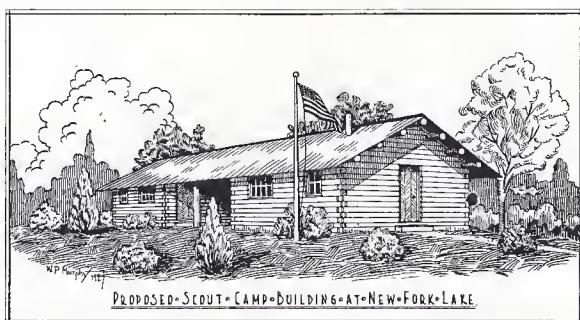
And so many friends are planning for us. There are all those who've been working for the lodge. Won't we keep it beautifully? Then there's Miss Jones whom so many of us know at the Washington School and who whistles for us and Doctor Lethe Morrison, health supervisor of our schools in Rock Springs, for whom we drink milk and leave coffee and tea for foolish folk. Miss Morrison can go on picnics too and she wants to see our camp. And Freddy, who was with us two years ago, has been taking a special course at Chicago University—all about girls' camps. Perhaps she'll be able to come. And our own captains. They've been working so hard to help us earn our camp money. And a good many of them are planning to come out with us. Virginia Davis of Dines and Mary Foster of Winton will be counselors.

And, besides all the friends we plan to take with us there are so many, many loved friends waiting for us at camp.

"Oh wild woods and rivers and untrod sweeps of sod,
I exult that I know you,
I have felt you and worshipped you
I cannot be robbed of the memory
Of horse and plain
Of bird and flower,
Nor the song of the illimitable west wind."

Deserted Camps

Deserted summer camps
Have an air of waiting
Patiently for loved ones—
For laughter and happy times—
For galloping hoofs and young folks.
Smokeless skylines
Have a way of calling
Loudly for cedar fires—
For contentment and warmth—
For long feathers of skyward smoke.
Deserted summer camps
Are not empty, for thought figures
Gallup up the unbroken snow-paths,
Slip between the aspen trees
And are unseen guests while they
Tarry beside the outdoor fireplace.





A Gunpowder Story

By John Esten Cooke (Adapted)

IN THE autumn of 1777 the English decided to attack Fort Henry, at Wheeling, in northwestern Virginia. This was an important border fort named in honor of Patrick Henry, and around which had grown up a small village of about twenty-five log houses.

A band of Indians, under the leadership of one Simon Girty, was supplied by the English with muskets and ammunition, and sent against the fort. This Girty was a white man, who, when a boy, had been captured by Indians, and brought up by them. He had joined their tribes, and was a ferocious and bloodthirsty leader of savage bands.

When the settlers at Wheeling heard that Simon Girty and his Indians were advancing on the town, they left their homes and hastened into the fort. Scarcely had they done so when the savages made their appearance.

The defenders of the fort knew that a desperate fight must now take place, and there seemed little probability that they would be able to hold out against their assailants. They had only forty-two fighting men, including old men and boys, while the Indian force numbered about five hundred.

What was worse they had but a small amount of gunpowder. A keg containing the main supply had been left by accident in one of the village houses. This misfortune, as you will soon see, brought about the brave action of a young girl.

After several encounters with the savages, which took place in the village, the defenders withdrew to the fort. Then a number of Indians advanced with loud yells, firing as they came. The fire was returned by the defenders, each of whom had picked out his man, and taken deadly aim. Most of the attacking party were killed, and the whole body of Indians fell back into the near-by woods, and there awaited a more favorable opportunity to renew hostilities.

The men in the fort now discovered, to their great dismay, that their gunpowder was nearly gone. What was to be done? Unless they could get another supply, they would not be able to hold the fort, and they and their women and children would either be massacred or carried into captivity.

Colonel Shepherd, who was in command, explained to the settlers exactly how matters stood. He also told them of the forgotten keg of powder which was in the house standing about sixty yards from the gate of the fort.

It was plain to all that if any man should attempt to procure the keg, he would almost surely be shot by the lurking Indians. In spite of this three or four young men volunteered to go on the dangerous mission.

Colonel Shepherd replied that he could not spare three or four strong men, as there were already too few for the defense. Only one man should make the attempt and they might decide who was to go. This caused a dispute.

Just then a young girl stepped forward and said that she was ready to go. Her name was Elizabeth Zane, and she has just returned from a boarding school in Philadelphia. This made her brave offer all the more remarkable, since she had not been bred up to the fearless life of the border.

At first the men would not hear of her running such a risk. She was told that it meant certain death. But she urged that they could not spare a man from the defense, and that the loss of one girl would not be an important matter. So after some discussion the settlers agreed that she should go for the powder.

The house, as has already been stated, stood about sixty yards from the fort, and Elizabeth hoped to run thither and bring back the powder in a few minutes. The gate was opened, and she passed through, running like a deer.

A few straggling Indians were dodging about the log houses of the town; they saw the fleeing girl but for some reason they did not fire upon her. They may have supposed that she was returning to her home to rescue her clothes. Possibly they thought it was a waste of good ammunition to fire at a woman, when they were so sure of taking the fort before long. So they looked on quietly while, with flying skirts, Elizabeth ran across the open, and entered the house.

She found the keg of powder, which was not large. She lifted it with both arms, and, holding the precious burden to her breast, she darted out of the house and ran in the direction of the fort.

When the Indians saw what she was carrying they uttered fierce yells and fired. The bullets fell like hail about her, but not one so much as touched her garments. With the keg hugged to her bosom, she ran on, and reached the fort in safety. The gate closed upon her just as the bullets of the Indians buried themselves in its thick panels.

The rescued gunpowder enabled the little garrison to hold out until help arrived from the other settlements near Wheeling. And Girty, seeing

that there were no further hopes of taking Fort Henry, withdrew his band.

Thus a weak but brave girl was the means of saving strong men with their wives and children. It was a heroic act, and America should never forget to honor the name of Elizabeth Zane.

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat

By Edward Lear

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat.
They took some honey and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
"Oh lovely Pussy! O Pussy, My love!
What a beautiful Pussy you are,—
 You are;
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl,
How charmingly sweet you sing!
Oh, let us be married,—too long we have tarried,—
But what shall we do for a ring?"
They sailed away for a year and a day,
To the land where the bong-tree grows;
And there, in a wood, a Piggy-wig stood,—
With a ring at the end of his nose,
 His nose;
With a ring at the end of his nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
 Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."
So they took it away, and were married next day
 By the Turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined upon mince and slices of quince,
 Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon,—
 The moon;
They danced by the light of the moon.

A Little Philosophy

By Douglas L. Durkin

What is a world, my boy?

A little rain, a little sun,
A little shore where ripples run,
A little green upon the hill,
A little glade, a little rill,
A little day with skies above,
A little night where shadows move,
A little work for men to do,
A little play for such as you;
A passing night, a coming morn,
A coming love, a passing scorn;
Of blackest cloud a little bit,
With silver on the rim of it;
A little trouble, lots of joy—
And there you have a world, my boy.



Reliance

A delightful surprise was given in honor of Gail Robertson on Thursday, June 14th, at the Woman's Club room. Thirty guests were present, a number of them being from Superior and Rock Springs. Gail left for the summer school term at Laramie.

Doris Robinson and Mrs. Dave Wilson of Rock Springs were Reliance visitors recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Zack Portwood enjoyed several days' outing in Pinedale.

Mrs. Edward Williams and two children of Kemmerer enjoyed a short visit with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Marshall.

Mr. and Mrs. Hoover Grove have returned from a month's trip to different parts of Oklahoma.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Wilson of Winton spent Sunday, June 19th, at the Zeicher home.

The Old Timers of Reliance who attended the celebration in Rock Springs enjoyed themselves thoroughly. The Reliance Band, combined with Winton, helped greatly to make it a success. Thanks to them. A number of young girls and Girl Scouts helped by serving at the banquet.

Mrs. William McIntosh of Cumberland visited at the Gardner home over the holidays. Miss Zella Mae did not accompany them home, but will visit here for several weeks.

Mrs. Pat Burns is on the sick list.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Salo and son left for Portland, Ore., Sunday, June 12th. They are making the trip by auto. Mr. Salo has just been convalescing from a serious illness and so will go to California later, for the benefit of his health.

May Gibbs of Superior is visiting with the R. Gibbs family.

Edna Hamblin gave a birthday party in honor of her birthday to several of her little friends Tuesday afternoon, June 14th. Everyone had a lovely time.

Superior

Miss Naomi Corazza of Denver is visiting at the home of her aunt, Mrs. D. Delpero.

Dr. R. H. Sanders and Alfonse Bertagnoli made a trip to La Barge recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Adamson and family of Gebo, Wyo., are visitors at the home of their neice, Mrs. George W. Smith.

Miss Doris Robinson has returned to her home in Superior from Laramie, where she had been a student at the university the past year.

Little Jackie Yedinak was badly bruised and cut up by a fall from a truck recently.

The Misses Marine Asiala and Irene Sturholm were South Superior visitors during the past month, returning to their home in Rock Springs accompanied by Gus Sturholm and Miss Ingrid Sturholm.

Miss Mary Asiala has returned from a vacation spent at Fremont Lake.

The Misses Catherine Moser and Vela Wylam are at home from Greeley, Colo., where they have been students the last year at Teachers' College. The former motored through with her uncle, Felix Conzatti, who made the trip to Greeley accompanied by Nickolas Moses. Miss

Wylam spent some time with her parents, who were in attendance at the Lions convention at Rawlins, Wyo.

Charles H. Durham and C. P. Wassung of Rock Springs were visitors in Superior on Sunday, June 20th.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hannaker have returned to Superior after a trip through Washington and California.

Misses Annie Pellegrini and Josephine Rauzi were visitors in Rock Springs recently.

Mrs. N. B. Mettam was a Rock Springs visitor on Saturday, June 18th.

Jackie Yedinak spent several days in Rock Springs visiting relatives.

F. L. Mocellin and Grover Wiseman are enjoying a short stay at Thermopolis.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Brodie and Walter Brodie spent a week at Saratoga.

The Girl Scouts held a bake sale at the Workingmen's Commercial Co. store on Wednesday, June 15th.

The baseball team gave a dance at the Union Hall and a good crowd attended.

Mrs. Burt Brown and little son Jackie of Salt Lake City are visiting the former's mother, Mrs. Mary McLeod.

Mrs. C. G. Osborne has returned from a visit in Ogden, Utah.

Rock Springs

Mrs. W. P. Murphy has returned from Cheyenne, where she has been visiting with relatives.

Jack Armstrong has returned from a visit to Ogden and other Utah points.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. E. Zancanelli on Saturday, May 21st.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Harris of Evanston have been visiting with their daughter, Mrs. F. L. McCarty.

Frank Potocznik has accepted a clerical position in the Mine Office. He is taking the place vacated by Evelyn Elias, who has resigned.

Joe Bogatoy had his right foot slightly injured while at work in No. 8 mine, June 9th.



Zelma Sherwood, daughter of William Sherwood, Rainbow Avenue, Rock Springs. Zelma is enjoying the flowers in the garden of the Charles Crofts house.

Mrs. C. P. Wassung, who has been visiting with relatives in Nampa, Idaho, has now gone to California, where she expects to spend the summer.

William Sheffield is visiting with relatives here.

S. Castiliano is sporting a new Chrysler Coach.

James Overy, Sr., of Salt Lake City is visiting at the Jake McDonald home.

Mr. and Mrs. Abel Vigil are rejoicing over the birth of a son, May 30th.

Dr. H. J. Arbogast has returned from Long Beach, Cal., where he had spent the past two weeks.

Raymond Maki, who has been employed in No. 4 mine, has gone to Craig, Colo., where he expects to locate.

Martin Murphy has returned from a month spent in Burley, Idaho, where he visited with friends and relatives.

The scenery at No. 4 has been brightened recently by the application of paint to the houses.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas LeMarr have returned from California, where they had spent the winter. Mr. LeMarr is President of the Old Timers' Association.

Mrs. C. H. Durham left June 11th for an extended visit at Long Beach, Cal.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Edgeworth are spending their honeymoon in Denver and other Colorado points.

Mr. and Mrs. J. V. MacDonald and family are leaving for a vacation to be spent in Portland and other points on the Pacific Coast.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Carter and family will spend their vacation in Idaho.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Cook have returned from a honeymoon spent in Salt Lake City.

Mrs. G. N. Darling is leaving for a vacation to be spent in California.

Hanna

The graduation exercises of the High School were held at the Finn Hall on May 26th. The class of '27 is the largest to graduate from the Hanna High School, there being twenty members. The graduates are as follows: Edna Clark, Lena Campbell, Sarah Dickinson, Ruth Erickson, Mamie Grooman, Rose Harrison, Sylvia Kutto, Annie Meekin, Dorothy Milliken, Pearl Nelson, Stella O'Malley, Alma White, Mabel Wright, James Clegg, John Hakala, Wilho Kandolin, Eric Lepponen, Ralph Scarpelli, Charles Stebner, John Thomas.

The Senior Class held their "Sneak Day" on Friday, May 13th, motoring to Saratoga.

The first regular meeting of the Parent-Teachers' Association was held at the school assembly room Thursday, May 19th.

Mrs. Lynnwood Smith is visiting with her parents in Seattle, Wash.

A very successful Forty-niner dance was given by Ted Wilkes Post No. 27 of the American Legion at Elk Mountain on May 14th.

Mrs. S. D. Briggs was called to Denver by the illness of her mother.

The baccalaureate services for the graduating class were held in St. Joseph's Catholic Church on May 22nd.

Several new cars have been purchased this month. Andrew Passanen has a new Essex Sedan, Thomas Meredith a Chevrolet Sedan and Roy Cummings a Buick Sedan.

The Junior-Senior banquet was given on May 17th at the Hotel. The room and tables were decorated in the Senior colors, green and white. The color scheme was carried out also in the place cards and nut cups.

School closed Friday, May 27th, and the various teachers departed for their summer vacations.

St. Margaret's Guild held a bake sale on Saturday afternoon, May 24th, at the church.

Miss Tyne Maki underwent a successful operation for appendicitis at the Hanna Hospital.

The Pythian Sisters entertained at a farewell social for Mr. and Mrs. Sam Dickinson.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Dickinson and daughter Tommy left

for Oakland, Cal., on June 10th. The Dickinsons, being old timers, will be greatly missed in this community, where they have a host of friends, and the good wishes of the community go with them.

Mr. and Mrs. George Henderson of Sheridan visited with their daughter, Mrs. William Morris, for a few days.

Memorial Day services were conducted under the auspices of the American Legion, the Hanna Band and the various organizations, and was attended by practically all the citizens of Hanna. Short services were held at the monument in front of the school and at old No. 1 mine, where services were continued; then all proceeded to Carbon cemetery, where services were held at the grave of Mr. Butler, who was a Civil War veteran, the American Legion firing squad firing a volley over the grave. The services were continued in the afternoon at the Hanna cemetery, where several selections were played by the band and the American Legion held their service for departed World War veterans.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Cook and sons and Mrs. Mary Glasgow left on June 5th for Los Angeles, where they will reside. The good wishes of their many friends go with them.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Tavelli are rejoicing over the arrival of a baby boy born on June 6th. He will be named Donald Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Larsen and son of Erie, Colo., and Melvin Larsen of Pine Bluff spent Decoration Day in Hanna.

Miss Stella O'Malley and Abe Warburton surprised their friends by slipping off to Rawlins on June 5th and getting married. They left for Tacoma, Wash., on June 7th to visit relatives.

Members of the Alumni Association of the High School motored to Elk Mountain on June 8th for a weiner roast.

Miss Willette Warburton returned from the convent school in Cheyenne and will spend her summer vacation with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Jackson.

Mrs. Oscar Peterson and children are visiting with the John Milliken family.

Mary and Billy Mathews of Superior are visiting with the Renny family.

Mrs. Murray Ryburn, Miss Virginia Ryburn and Junior Ryburn stopped off, on their way to Laramie, to visit friends in Hanna.

Mrs. Mylroie and Ruby, Robert and Albert Mylroie spent Decoration Day in Hanna.

The members of the Moose Lodge held a social in Finn Hall. The supper was served by the women.

Mrs. F. A. Jackson and son are visiting relatives in England.

Mr. James McArdle is recovering from an operation for appendicitis.

Howard Penny, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Penny, has been very ill, but is somewhat improved. Mrs. Penny accompanied him to Cheyenne, where Dr. Strader performed an operation on his nose.

Miss Elva Kivista went through an operation for appendicitis at the Hanna Hospital.

Miss Agnes Milliken and Harry Challender were married at Fort Collins on Wednesday, June 1st. They will tour Yellowstone Park and then go to California, where Mr. Challender will attend school.

Mrs. O. C. Buehler and daughter Margaret, Dorothy Benedict and James McDonald motored to Laramie on June 8th to attend the graduation exercises. Miss Jessie Benedict will graduate from Laramie High.

Hanna was greatly honored by having the railroad hold their monthly Safety First meeting here on June 2nd. Very interesting talks on safety were given by L. A. Johnson, Train Master of the Wyoming Division; A. B. Cady, Station Agent at Laramie, and J. R. Brady, Safety Agent of the Wyoming Division. Judge Crawford of Hanna also spoke, and T. H. Butler was chairman of the meeting. The Hanna Band rendered several selections.

Ten railroad employees from Laramie attended the meeting, besides a goodly crowd of town people.

Winton

Ed Sutton, Joe Liddell and Pete Marinoff are all the proud owners of a Buick, Studebaker and Buick, respectively. Ed Sutton's family requires a large car.

Another enjoyable band concert has been enjoyed by the community in general—this month given by the Winton and Reliance bands.

Doctor Harris spent a few days in the North Country this month.

The younger smart set have taken up bathing the past few weeks, visiting the pool in Rock Springs. Surrounding communities certainly envy our bathing beauties.

The Winton Old Timers, together with the Winton Band, enjoyed Old Timers' Day, Rock Springs.

Victor Emm, formerly a resident of this town, paid his friends a visit this month.

Mr. and Mrs. Messinger have returned from their vacation, spent in Utah and Idaho. They report a splendid time.

Frank Finch was a guest at Daniel on Decoration Day.

Claude Miller, our obliging night watchman, has gone on his vacation this month. He expects to visit at Wheatland, Wyoming. On his return we expect to welcome a June bride unto our midst.

Mrs. Cody Harris and Mrs. Ray Dodds have returned from a trip to Denver this month.

E. P. Meyers has moved to Winton with his family. He is employed as pump man in No. 8 Mine.

Pete Uram and family have gone on their vacation, which will be spent in Utah and Idaho.

Mrs. E. A. Brown of California is a visitor at the home of her son, R. A. Dodds.

Mr. R. A. Dodds accompanied his mother, Mrs. E. A. Brown, to Cumberland on June 18th.

Mr. Baxter returned on Decoration Day from Ogden, to which point he accompanied Mrs. Baxter, who will visit there for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Butler and family spent Decoration Day in Hanna.

The Izaak Walton League has procured a number of Chinese Pheasant eggs from Mr. Medill, and Mr. Marta



Isabelle Caller, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Secundo Caller, Winton.



La Vonne Kaul, son of Mr. Floyd Kaul, Winton.

is obliging them with a setting hen. Soon we will have Chinese Pheasants.

Winton was proud to welcome home the winning First Aid team in the Junior section of the Girl Scout First Aid contest. Lieutenant Mary Foster, Captain Miss Grayfe, Instructor Archie Auld and little Betty Hanks, Captain of the team, are receiving the congratulations of the community.

Cumberland

The First Aid team, with the aid of the community, gave a farewell party for Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Fearn. Refreshments were served; music for the dance was furnished by the Cumberland Band. Mr. and Mrs. Fearn were presented with a set of silver. The Lyman Fearns will live in Rock Springs.

Mrs. A. Galassi and children have returned from Lava Hot Springs, where Mrs. Galassi had been staying for the benefit of her health.

Mr. Charles Ackerlund of Salt Lake City is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Axel Johnson.

Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Young are rejoicing over the arrival of a baby girl born on June 4th.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Rounds are now residing at Lyman, Wyoming.

The first baseball game of the season was played between Frontier and Cumberland on Sunday, June 5th. The score was 10 to 3 in favor of Frontier.

Our baseball team is very proud of the new uniforms presented by The Union Pacific Coal Company Store.

Hon. John G. Georgis has returned from the Kemmerer Hospital, where he had been confined with pneumonia.

Martin Reiva has a new Oldsmobile.

Matt Morrow of Superior spent Memorial Day with his parents.

Boy and Girl Scouts have been very busy preparing for the First Aid contest which was held in Rock Springs June 18th.

Mrs. William McIntosh has been quite ill.

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I am The Office Duster

Hello everybody. Did you miss me? I was—well, I'd gone over to ask the Scottish pipers if I might help dust their regalia, and I got so interested in their preparations for Old Timers Day that I didn't come back in time to get into the June Magazine. But I couldn't stay away very long. And now, oh dear, I don't know where to start. It's all very well for whoever wrote about the comfortable precision of the Scouts' First Aid Contest to be telling about it. But the contestants know different, um-m boys and girls? Blisters and sunburn and heat. The Duster wished she'd been arranged differently, fan-wise and could stir up a breeze or be a shady palm tree. And all those close shaves—in the matter of scores! The fortunes of war are mild to the fortunes of the First Aid contestant. However, the Duster thinks that the team members who cheerfully give up shows and dances to practice for months deserve to win. Everybody agree? Of course.

The Duster wonders if she will be invited to camp. Doesn't the picture of that Lodge look wonderful?

Hush! Two suggestions for the design of a service button for Mr. James Morgan of Cheyenne have come in.

We were glad to see those Cheyenne visitors, and even the Duster learned to attach the right names to the almost right folks when making introductions.

Tono, dears, are you all "outing" so energetically you haven't time to send us news?

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The little girls of Superior rather stole a march on the Senior Scouts and copped Mrs. McAuliffe for a talk at their party. Remember when you were a freshie and succeeded in persuading the Soph's favorite prof. to come to your tea? Congratulate Captain McLean of the Juniors.

Please, Mayor Bunning, order some nice weather for camp time, will you? And if it isn't asking too much, you may send Doctor Joslin to camp.

Hello, Old Timers! Who wrote all those hellos, anyway? Hardly left a thing for the Duster to say except to agree that Col. W. K. Lee has his "hat and dignity both on straight."

Who said "Pass the wooly worms?" Isn't this gorgeous weather? And the glorious Fourth will be celebrated in Rock Springs. Please pass the wooly worms—up.

Congratulations and good wishes are extended to Mr. and Mrs. Joe Edgeworth of Rock Springs.

Opportunity

During the three years of its life this magazine has printed several Opportunity poems. This one was written by Edward Roland Sill in 1887, and is reprinted from "Poems of the English Race," published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Two types of people are dealt with in it. The one "finds fault with his tools," but the other "succeeds with what he has."

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.

A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel—
That blue blade that the king's son bears—but this
Blunt thing—" he snapped and flung it from his hand,
And lowering crept away and left the field.

Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle-shout
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

Boy and Girl Scout First Aid Meet at Rock Springs June 18th

(Continued from Page 235)

McAuliffe, who was in Rock Springs, presented the Junior and Senior girls with Girl Scout watches and beautiful white gold wrist watches. The Owlettes of Rock Springs received the second prize of sweaters. The boys' winning team go to Salt Lake City and the Cumberland team will have sweaters sent them for second prize.

The Scout organization is much indebted to the First Aid Clubs in our various communities which have given instructors and so much time; Archie Auld, Louis Gianopolus and Mr. Hugh Kelly; A. Flockhart and James Hearn and "Doodles" McArdle, Elija Daniels and John Sorbie; Peter Boam, with his team in Cumberland; Walter Walsh, George Blacker, C. Bell, Sam Moon, L. Rock and Charles Clark. Thank you, Instructors, say the Scouts.

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address on these lines
and mail to JOHN
SCOWCROFT &
SONS COMPANY,
Ogden, Utah

Name _____

Number of
Tea drinkers in
the family

Address _____

Grocer _____

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It is the prime mover
which, like Lindy's
air cooled motor,
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QUICK MEAL line—
tan, blue-grey, and white
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